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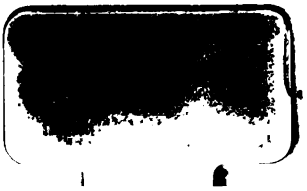

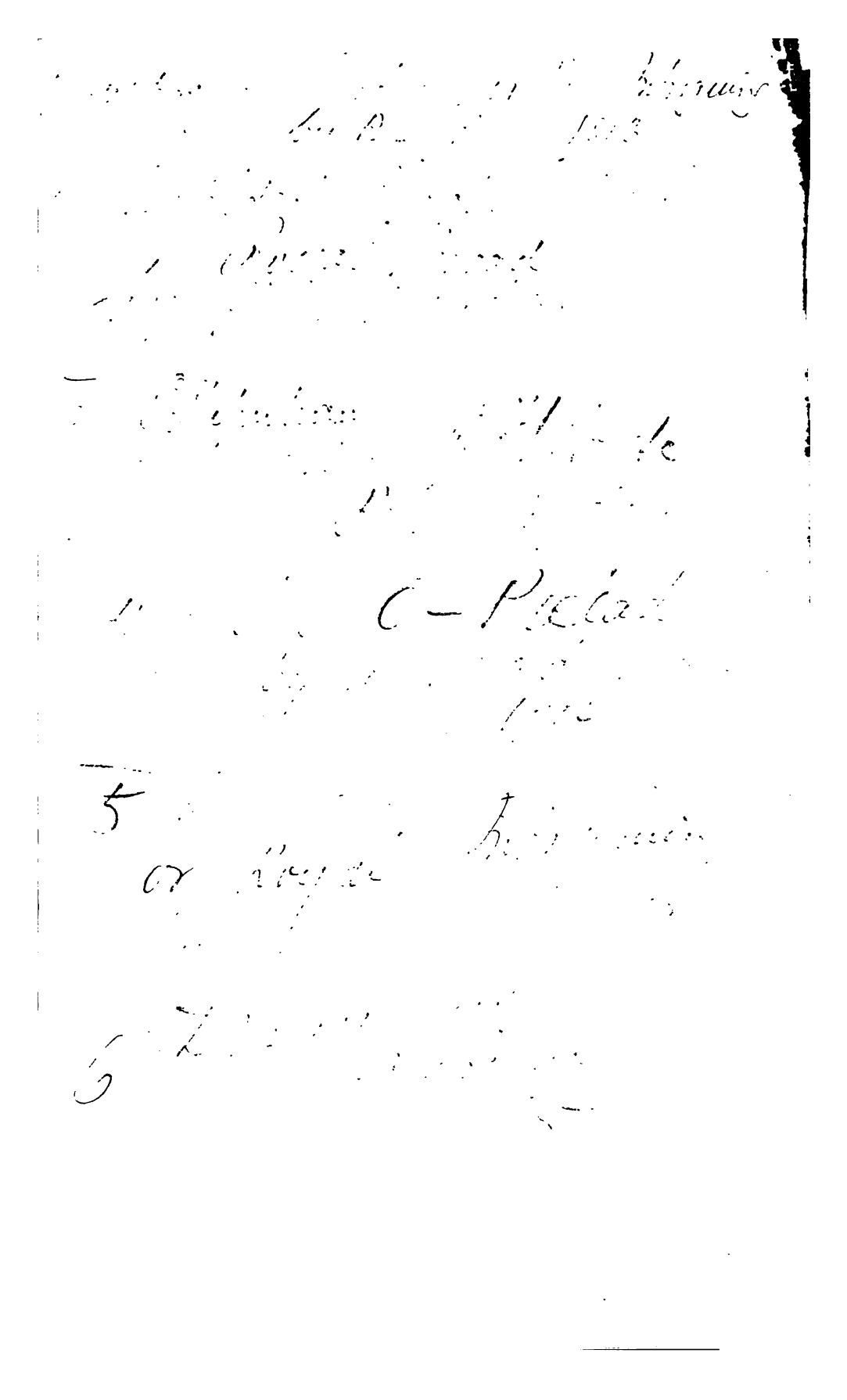

Second Edition.

Suppressed Evidence;

OR,

R——l Intriguing:

BEING

THE HISTORY

OF A

Courtship, Marriage and Separation,

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE FATE OF

The PRINCESS of ——.

TOGETHER WITH

A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THOSE CHARACTERS

WHICH IMMEDIATELY LED TO IT.

COMPRISING THE HITHERTO UNKNOWN MYSTERIES OF

"MY OWN MEMOIRS."

BY P—— P——, POET LAUREAT,

Author of "R—L STRIPES,"—(suppressed.)

"The story Truth now brings to light
Has long, *too long*, lain hid in night,
But she, bright goddess, shall reveal it;
And though *My Lord* his head may shake,
By Jupiter! I would not take
Five hundred guineas to conceal it."

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A POEM, &c.

I.

Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us
From *ex-officio* writs tremendous!
From GARROW, PLOMER, and *Judge* GIBBS.
I've got a tale, whose lightest part
Will freeze thy blood, distract thy heart,
And make it knock against thy ribs!

II.

Attend unto it's secret birth,
Ye Kings, and Princes of the earth!
Ye mortals both above, and under us;
No tale of demons, ghosts, and caverns,
Or bloods in scuffles kill'd at taverns,
Is half so dreadful, dark, and wond'rous!

III.

The story, Truth now brings to light,
Has long, *too long*, lain hid in night,
But she, bright goddess, shall reveal it;
And tho' *my Lord* his head may shake,
By Jupiter, I would not take
Five hundred guineas to conceal it!

IV.

In ancient times, when freedom smil'd
On GOTHAM's favor'd prosp'rous land,
When cheerfully the ploughman toil'd,
And plenty blest his lab'ring hand,

V.

There reign'd a PRINCE, a noble youth,
Whose praises oft' were loudly carol'd,
Pattern of constancy and truth,
Not like that idle rogue, "*Childe Harold*,"
Who to *reform* would ne'er begin,
'Till it grew *troublesome* to sin.

VI.

His court was fill'd with beauteous dames,
Who burn'd with Cupid's fiercest flames,
I wish I could disclose their names,
Tho' that perhaps might breed some tattle;

Suffice it, that the nymphs who burn'd,
Had all their passions well return'd,
By chiefs who much applause had earn'd,
In various bloody fields of battle.

VII.

No harricot, or French ragout,
No dainty hash, delicious stew,
No fish that swam, no bird that flew,
But grac'd his free and plenteous table;
Good fellowship and glorious cheer,
In GOTHAM reign'd throughout the year,
And guests were all invited here,
To cram as long as they were able.

VIII.

Bright sparkling draughts of gen'rous wine,
That fill the soul with thoughts divine,
And manly hearts to love incline,
Inspir'd the chiefs with deeds of arms;
While many a toast would conquer those
Who ne'er were conquer'd by their foes,
Undaunted men! who live on blows,
And thrive the best 'midst war's alarms.

IX.

Nor did sweet music's softer power
Refuse to crown the festive hour,
Apollo left his sacred bower,
To fill with harmony the scene;

Some tender soft and plaintive air,
Which spoke the lover's anxious care,
Alternate hope, and deep despair,
With dying symphonies between.

X.

The airy dance and jovial song,
By turns solac'd the courtly throng,
And merrily they tripp'd along
To hautboy dulcimer and fiddle;
While some to give their wit a handle,
Sat down to chocolate and scandal,
Conundrum, forfeit, jest, and riddle.

XI.

And I might tell, as bards have done—
Of those that lost, and those that won,
How many curs'd the morning sun,
(Such curses heav'n ne'er bring upon us!)
How fair ones took their partners in,
(A common case with those who win,)
And lady ROUNDABOUT M'FLINN
Was six by cards, and four by honors.

XII.

It was propos'd at council board,
By many a sage, and many a lord,
Who GOTHAM, and it's PRINCE ador'd,
That some FAIR NYMPH of honor peerless

Should glad their monarch's royal arms,
And fill his breast with fond alarms,
As life unbless'd with beauty's charms,
Is dreary, barren, cold, and cheerless.

XIII.

Twelve noble peers in robes of state,
Exulting sought the palace gate,
Big with the kingdom's future fate,
(For which, good souls! they were assembled:)
In solemn pace they march'd along,
With wigs magnificently long,
Amazement seiz'd the vulgar throng,
They gaz'd with awe, with fear they trembled.

XIV.

Thrice did these loyal men of wonder
Assail the gate, with knocks like thunder,
Which at their bidding flew asunder:
And now the palace yard they enter;
In time they reach the council hall,
Where fifty yeoman stout and tall,
Stood ready, at their prince's call,
Whose throne imperial grac'd the centre.

XV.

So low they kneel'd with awe profound,
Their huge full-bottoms swept the ground,
With duty, rev'rence, and submission;
But soon encourag'd by HIS HIGHNESS,

They with true magisterial dryness
Disclos'd the object of their mission,

XVI.

The PRINCE he started, gap'd, look'd weazen,
The nobles with sufficient reason,
Were fearful they had utter'd treason,
And whispering "Sure the PRINCE will scold us!"
Besought in supplicating strain,
Their heads might not be cut in twain,
But be permitted to remain
Just where they stood—upon their shoulders.

XVII.

Loud laugh'd the PRINCE to hear them croak,
HIS HIGHNESS much enjoy'd the joke,
And thus in gentle accents spoke,
"Good gentlemen! may I be pounded
In some apothecary's mortar,
Or stand up, by the head the shorter,
Be kill'd by land, or drown'd by water,
But that your fears are idly grounded.

XVIII.

'Tis true, I started and was dumb,
To see your rev'rend worships come
Upon an embassy so rum,
With long big wigs, and robes of ermine;

And, (to add comfort to my life)
Beseech me thus to take a *wife*,
(Heav'n guard me from the nuptial strife!)
A thing I ne'er could yet determine.

XIX.

" For women are such noisy cattle,
Their pretty tongues go tittle tattle,
Just like a fine three-farthing rattle,
Which we may buy at fair of Bart'lemy;
And then the thought is most appalling,
Of wives hallooing, children squalling,
Such matrimonial caterwauling
I think is quite enough to startle me.

XX.

" And then you'll own (for nought more sure is,)
That ladies tho' in beauty *houries*,
In temper may be downright *furies*,
And make their husbands in the room sticks;
And in the sight of ev'ry neighbour,
Their backs indignantly belabor,
And make them dance without a tabor,
To little *instruments* call'd *broomsticks*.

XXI.

" And tell me, nobles, would it pleasure ye
To see me rob the royal treasury,

To furnish this expensive goddess?
For she must have her caps, and veils,
Her furbelows, and farthingales,
Her golden stomacher, and bodice.

XXII.

" And she must have her box of paint,
Or else her ladyship would faint,
Swear you were stingy, I were cruel;
And then (good people, have compassion!)
In some accursed whim of fashion,
She'd sell my kingdom for a jewel.

XXIII.

" And she must have quite snug and handy,
A private thimble-full of brandy,
To cure the mulligrubs, so stitching;
And, though a nymph of peerless honor,
The habit p'r'aps may steal upon her,
For liquor's mightily bewitching.

XXIV.

" And sure 'twould shock my tender feeling
To see her Majesty a-reeling,
Drunk as the sow of good King David;
And if (an accident not rare,)
My royal wife should curse and swear,
Lord, how the multitude would stare,
To see their Queen so ill-behaved!

XXV.

" And she must have to wait upon her,
Grooms, pages, aye, and maids of honor,
A mob impertinent and lazy;
And then a coxcomb hot from France
To teach her gracefully to dance,
Or curl and dress her auburn jazey.

XXVI.

" And she must have her balls and plays,
And chambermaids to lace her stays,
And birth-day suits for gala days,
Hoop-petticoats, and silks and flounces;
And then to make her sweet and fair,
Three pound of powder in her hair,
Pomatum, *Russia oil*, so rare,
And *huile antique*, full twenty ounces.

XXVII.

" Besides some pompous *poor relation*
To steal my cash, and starve my nation,
Who'd of my subjects match the tallest;
While some huge whisker'd *German chief*
Will swallow me *six pounds of beef*,
And prove his stomach *not the smallest*.

XXVIII.

" And sure such vile infernal cramming
In GOTHAM's land would breed a famine,

Or else I'm grievously mistaken;
And 'twould much discontent produce
To give *five shillings* for a goose,
Or *six-pence* for a pound of bacon.

XXIX.

" And if ('tis no impossibility,)
This lovely pattern of gentility,
To prove herself of *true nobility*,
When in the marriage noose we're buckled,
(It is an ill which most I fear,
As women's taste is sometimes queer,)
Should fancy some tall grenadier,
And make your faithful PRINCE a *cuckold*.

XXX.

" Lord, how the boys would hoot, and hollo,
The fishwomen my footsteps follow,
E'en the blind children of Apollo
Would pester me with filthy ditties;
While some with bowels of compassion,
As horns are now so much the fashion,
Perhaps would moderate their passion,
And cry, " *Oh! 'tis a thousand pities.*"

XXXI.

" Now though with love the sex may tickle us,
I think it mightily ridiculous

That men of sense should thus be duped;
And tho' I'm gallant to the marrow,
I ne'er was wounded by the arrow
Of that sly vagabond, young *Cupid*.

XXXII.

"Such ills must surely have great weight
To warn me from the marriage state,
For they in time might prove my own;
And you perhaps would rue the hour
A faithless woman shar'd the power
Of GOTHAM'S PRINCE, and GOTHAM'S THRONE.

XXXIII.

"But still, if I could chance to meet
A nymph with every grace replete,
In mind and body, quite complete,
I promise—by the foot of Pharaoh,
That, vanquish'd by her matchless charms,
Dispelling all these dread alarms,
And rushing to her virgin arms
I'd wed her—and be proud to wear her."

XXXIV.

Thus spake the PRINCE—as I have sung—
The hall with acclamation rung,
His praises dwelt on ev'ry tongue,

His eloquence was past resistance;
" *Heaven bless his Highness!*" was the call,
From young, and old—from great and small,
The words re-echoed through the hall,
And folks could hear at ten miles distance.

XXXV.

When lo! a voice was heard to say
" Great Monarch, whom we all obey,
Thrice blessed be the happy day
That thus confirms our humble claim!—
A *peerless damsel* we have found
For all these virtues much renown'd,
She dwells far hence on *foreign ground*,
And CAROLINA is her name.

XXXVI.

" No princess can with her compare,
Her mind is as her body fair,
For ev'ry charm is center'd there,
That man can love, and heart desire;
Her beauteous form and winning grace,
On GOTHAM'S throne deserve a place,
And truly noble is her race,
A dauntless monarch is her sire.

XXXVII.

" For her our ships shall cross the seas,
And boldly face the northern breeze,

To fetch the nymph whom all adore;
May gentle winds, and prosperous gales
Impel the waves, and fill the sails,
And waft her safe to GOTHAM's shore."

XXXVIII.

One tedious moon in silence pass'd,
The happy day arriv'd at last,
That all their anxious wishes crown'd;
The Prince beheld the lovely dame,
Her beauty soon his heart o'ercame,
And feeling both a mutual flame,
In HYMEN's silken chains were bound.

XXXIX.

And now descend, ye tuneful Choir,
The poet's towering verse inspire,
And O! impart your sacred fire
And make him equal to the theme:
Let gay description's lively hand
The hymeneal scene expand,
Sublime, magnificent, and grand,
More beauteous than a fairy dream.

XL.

The morn was bright—the radiant sun
In joy his daily course begun,

And smil'd upon the royal pair;
The warbling birds on every spray
With music usher'd in the day,
And sweetest flowers perfum'd the air.

XLI.

The merry bells rang loud and strong,
And hail'd them as they pass'd along,
Nor were the drums and trumpets mute;
Twelve virgins in apparel neat,
Strew'd pinks and roses 'neath their feet,
And minstrels touch'd the harp and lute.

XLII.

Two hundred horsemen rode in sight,
On milk-white steeds, in armour bright,
With lances ready for the fight,
Which mock'd the sun's meridian rays:
Fair GOTHAM's nobles grac'd the scene,
And ladies all superbly sheen,
In honor to their king and queen,
Appear'd in grandeur's brightest blaze.

XLIII.

The PRINCE in costly robes was drest,
A diamond glitter'd on his breast,
The crown his royal temples prest,

Th' imperial crown of Gotham's land;
The sword of state a herald bore,
Who rode triumphantly before,
But *that of peace* the monarch wore,
The princely sceptre grac'd his hand.

XLIV.

And next him sat his YOUTHFUL BRIDE,
A blooming nymph, in beauty's pride,
To truth and modesty allied,
The star that most adorn'd his throne:
Her rich attire, majestic mien,
And graceful air, bespoke the queen,
Gems, rubies, on her dress were seen,
And India's brightest diamonds shone.

XLV.

And now the trumpet's brazen throat,
Pours forth a loud and warlike note,
And minstrels sweep the tuneful string;
A thousand voices rend the air,
They loudly bless the royal pair,
And thus their hymeneals sing.

Hymeneal.

XLVI.

Hail to the BRIDE with her golden lac'd stomacher,
Breathing delightful Arabia's perfume!
And hail to the PRINCE who'll triumphantly rummage her,
Grac'd with his gorget, and high-waving plume,
Matchless is HE, for good sense and politeness,
Her sparkling eyes are unrivall'd for brightness,
And fam'd in the dance is her foot for it's lightness,
Long may they reign in health, beauty, and bloom!

XLVII.

Strike up the tabors! and let us have noise enough,
Bless their dear faces! how sweetly they smile;
Tight little Hymen will soon bring 'em boys enough,
The glory, the boast, and the pride of our isle!

Skip it, and trip it, in merry cotillion O!
A day like the present, is sure worth a million O!
See how they gallop, for Cupid's postillion O!
Wriggling, and giggling and blushing the while!

LXVIII.

Ten thousand men with streamers gay
Loud cheering, clos'd the long array,
And hail'd with joy th'auspicious day
That rose so full of cheering beams:
Nor did sweet mirth resign his power
In homely cot, or lordly tower,
Till sleep stole on the festive hour,
Which soon return'd in pleasing dreams.

LXIX.

A year roll'd on—and scarcely more—
The *Queen a smiling Cherub bore,*
(And now the Muse would fain be dumb:)
Ah! little thought she 'twas her last,
That grief would soon her life o'ercast,
Her hours of happiness were past,
Her days of sorrow all to come.

L.

In GOTHAM's *court there liv'd a Dame,*
Who (void of grace remorse, and shame,)
Burn'd with a foul, unhallow'd flame,
And one, whom scandal oft' would peck at;
The Furies saw her youthful mind
To lust, and infamy inclin'd,
They form'd her well to plague mankind,
And call'd the bellweather—*Fitzhecat.*

LI.

Her face, which marks of beauty bore,
Was now with wrinkles furrow'd o'er,
And on her breast a *cross* she wore.
Tho' stain'd with guilt, and foul within:
Her locks were *grey*—her eyes were *dim,*—
Palsy had seiz'd each tottering limb,
Eye scarce beheld a form so grim,
Sad monument of *death and sin.*

LII.

Her artful leer, and wanton air,
(Tho' time had silver'd ev'ry hair,)
Bespoke the *harlot* still was there,
The veriest hag of Cyprian shade;

And while her num'rous *beads* she told,
Her *blinking eyes* lascivious roll'd,
For she was *amorous*, tho' *old*,
And thought of *coxcombs* while she *pray'd*.

LIII.

Each rising morn, the courtly beaux,
With flaxen wig—and birth-day cloaths,
And borrow'd teeth in ivory rows,
She stroye to charm—what pious knavery!
Her eye-brows artfully were plac'd,
Her wither'd cheeks bedaub'd with taste,
Her wrinkles well fill'd up with paste,
And scents she us'd for smells unsavory.

LIV.

She cast her eye on GOTHAM'S Pride,
And envied much his lovely Bride,
And Satan's blackest arts she tried
To win him from her constant arms;
And many a pow'rful magic spell
The belldam knew, and practis'd well,
And GOTHAM'S PRINCE untimely fell
A victim to her fiendlike charms.

LVIII.

Poor scribbling rogues (there hangs a tale)
Were banish'd to some *distant jail*,
Because they told *plain truths*, call'd *libels!*
And plund'rers, of no small dimensions
Were granted *sinecures* and *pensions*,
And *plays* were more in vogue than *bibles*.

LIX.

Yet not FITZHECAT's charms alone
Detach'd the MONARCH from his throne,
For him no virgin loos'd her zone,
But view'd the profligate with heavings;
And GOTHAM's PRINCE in life's last stage,
To satisfy his amorous rage,
Took up with *ugliness and age*
His servants' worn out loathsome leavings.

LX.

There was a *portly nymph of sin*,
Whose *stomach* almost reach'd her *chin*,
Call'd LADY ROUNDABOUT M'FLINN,
Of figure, face, and bulk, uncommon;
A graceless harlot run to seed,
Whom ev'ry one that saw, agreed,
Was surely of the *monster breed*,
More a *hermaphrodite*, than *woman*.

LXI.

The PRINCE her husband's brows t' adorn,
Had planted there a golden horn,
And plac'd his lordship in the palace;
Where well-bred *cuckolds*, *pimps*, and *peers*,
And *letchers*, old in *sin*, and *years*,
Kept sinking GOTHAM in *arrears*,
Defying all the shafts of malice.

LXII.

Her credit sunk, her taxes rose,
She saw her sons borne down with woes,
Herself encompass'd by her foes,
Who brav'd her threats, her strength defied;
And GOTHAM, who triumphant bore
Her arms to ev'ry distant shore,
No longer heard her cannons roar,
Or saw her ships the ocean ride.

LXIII.

Her armies, fam'd for valor's meed,
She saw a weak commander lead,
Who ne'er achiev'd one warlike deed,
Or gave his country's foes a trimming;
A swaggering, proud, unwieldy lubber,
Well known for cowardice, and blubber,
And only fit to play a rubber
With simp'ring chiefs, or bilk the women.

LXIV.

Thus have I told in faithful rhymes,
(A warning to the present times)
How GOTHAM was debas'd by crimes
Of men, who held the highest stations;
And let no future bard proclaim
The direful story of her shame,
But may her lost, degraded name
Be blotted from the list of nations.

LXV.

Thrice happy BRITAIN! *favor'd isle,*
Where justice, peace, and plenty smile,
Thy praise demands my votive song;
Art thou, like Gotham, fall'n, accurst,
Plagu'd by a monarch deem'd the worst?—
Ah no! thy Prince by virtue nurs'd,
Abhors the mean, and vicious throng.

LXVI.

Thy court, for merit passing rare,
No gamesters, cuckolds, pimps, are there,
But gentle lords, and ladies fair,
Sipping their coffee, wine, and sherbet;
There's Y—m—th's lord, who from his birth
Has prov'd a miracle of worth,
And H—t—d, fairest nymph on earth,
Except that matchless star, Fitzherbert.

LXVII.

There's Headfort, Nature's choice production,
An enemy to base seduction,
The pink of dukes, of knights, and peers;
No wretch is he of pimping fame,
No hoary letcher, lost to shame,
Whose passions age can never tame,
But one whose virtues grace his years.

LXVIII.

And let me sing without rebuke,
The praises of each royal duke,
(Not like unhappy Gotham's gabies;)
But Princes who can write and read,
And emulous of glory's meed,
Of ev'ry vile dishonest deed
As innocent, as new-born babies.

LXIX.

And let me sing in nice rotation,
The num'rous worthies of the nation,
Whose fame smells sweetly, like geranium;
But hold—good folks—*for so much sense*
I can't afford for eighteen-pence,
You'd fancy I held cheap, from thence,
The labors of my pericraneum.

The Eldest Chick

OF THE

R——L BROOD;

THE

Trial of the Dove

BEFORE

JUDGE BEAR;

AND HER APPEAL TO THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

Including the Accusations of

THE TOAD AND THE VIPER;

WITH THE SECRET EXAMINATIONS BY

Lord Jackall & Justice Hawk.

A Grand r——l Fable,

Of the Nineteenth Century,

BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.

'The Chick, of whom I sing and speak,
Was high-fed, gallant, plump, and sleek;
His plumage of the gaudiest hue
That Art could form and Nature, too.

I pass, that Birds of bad report
Fill'd up the r—— Chicken's court;
I speak not of the horned Beasts
That fill'd his house and shar'd his feasts;

I pass by that old stinking Goat,
Whom he had rais'd to highest note;—
I cite alone, (our case to prove,)
The r—— PERSECUTED DOVE!'

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THE Reader is informed, that, according to A DECREE, which had passed the ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS, every subject, from the *Plebeian* to the *Noble*, was compelled to wear a certain badge, or mark, of *one or more letters*. Whether they bore any *numerical* sense, or not, we cannot pretend to say; but, from most authentic sources, we have procured a knowledge of *those* which distinguished the various characters introduced in this Fable, and give them as follow:

The Toad	S. J. D.
The Viper	L. D.
Lord Jackall	E. M.
Justice Hawk	N. C.
1st Jack-daw	W. C.
2d ditto	R. B.
Judge Bear	L. E.
Doctor Owl	T. E.
The stinking Goat	M. H.
The Owl, President of the Assembly	C. A.
The Brewhouse Cock	S. W.
The fighting Cock	C. J.
The scribbling Bee	H. W.
The Vulture	S. V. G.
The Eagles of the Assembly	H. B. / S. F. B.

A FABLE, &c.

I.

IN verse you've lately understood
The story of the r—— Brood;
And such a brood, I dare be swore,
No country ever saw before.

II.

In ampler scope of ambling metre
To paint each trait, each glorious feature,
Each gallant act, each r—— trick,
That dignifies the ELDEST CHICK,

III.

Is PETER's task; whose honest pen
The *elder Cock* and *elder Hen*
Hath blazon'd forth in many a lay,
And rais'd the wonder of their day.

IV.

That *Birds* and *Beasts* were always able
To *talk* and *act*, ' at least *in fable*,'
To prove, I need not waste a rhyme—
The truth's as old as Æsop's time.

V.

That various Birds, of various feather,
Have parley held and join'd together;
That Beasts, of different size and station,
Have compact form'd on great occasion;

VI.

Is so well known, I need not stop
A short apology to drop;
For mingling here, in concourse thick,
The Dove, the Toad, the r—— Chick;

VII.

The Viper, too, whose deadly sting
Might *kill a Princess or a King*;—
The *Bear*, the *Jackall*, and the *Hawk*,
Who each on various bus'ness talk.

VIII.

The Chick, of whom I sing or speak,
Was high-fed, gallant, plump, and sleek;
His plumage of the gaudiest hue
That art could form and nature too.

IX.

Upon *a dunghill*, proud and high,
He'd strut before the public eye;
While envious partlets view'd the Bird,
And inly long'd to be prefer'd.

X.

His happy *Favorite* to be,
How sigh'd each longing, gazing, she!
And mark'd his graceful toss of head,
Enamour'd of his noble *tread!*

XI.

It, from necessity or fate,
So chanc'd, this CHICK must have a mate;
Strange whims on r—— Birds will seize,
And novelty those whims must please.

XII.

To choose a Bride, he would not deign,
Among his own congenial train,
But sought a mate, his roost to grace,
Among the harmless cooing race:

XIII.

A gentle DOVE, and fair to view,
Of graceful form, of loveliest hue;
With her, in wedlock's fetters join'd,
He hop'd pure nuptial bliss to find.

XIV.

But diff'rent tempers, diff'rent natures,
Of bliss, are sadly-boding features,
And seldom breed, in married life,
Aught but unhappiness and strife.

XV.

Could but the *Dame* a *Hen* become,
She had been fitted for her doom:
No jealous pains had rack'd her breast,
No anguish could her soul molest.

XVI.

She had beheld, without a sigh,
Her Husband's gay inconstancy;
Though he his favors might divide
Among *an hundred Hens* beside.

XVII.

Or could her *Cock* become *a Turtle*,
Such as, in am'rous groves of myrtle,
Coo their soft loves in tenderest notes,
While strains of fondness swell their throats;

XVIII.

O happy, happy, had they been!
B ight constancy had blest the scene,
And life flow'd on in one glad stream,
Reflecting joy's enchanting beam!

XIX.

But, dire reverse! no vow could change
The Cock's *instinctive am'rous range;*
No earthly tie prevent the Dove
To *feel* the *pang of slighted love.*

XX.

A little while, (I own it true,)
The bliss that Hymen gives, she knew;
A little while, with honied pow'r,
Sweet love and rapture rul'd the hour.

XXI.

But soon her love began to cloy,
And Spousy sigh'd for varied joy;
Yes, to his former nature true,
He other game would fain pursue.

XXII.

Was there an *antiquated Hen,*
In fashion's wide extensive ken,
Though old or tainted with the roop,
This graceless Cock would seek her coop;

XXIII.

And, if she chose to give a rout,
He'd flap his wings and strut about,
While other Hens, in glittering rows,
Sigh'd, 'how delightfully he crows!'

XXIV.

Meanwhile, deserted and alone,
The Dove was left; with plaintive moan,
In solitude's neglected vale,
To coo her sorrows to the gale.

XXV.

One tender Doveling blest her fate,
And sooth'd her for her absent mate;
Within her solitary nest
She clasp'd the darling to her breast;

XXVI.

Its infant charms, its innocence,
Could casual gleams of joy dispense,
And bid a sense of bliss pervade
E'en sorrow's cold and cheerless shade.

XXVII.

Long time ago, historians say,
THE EAGLE o'er the Birds held sway;
But those good days are past and gone,
As long experience hath shewn.

XXVIII.

A *Sparrow*, or a chattering *Jay*,
By turns have held imperial sway;
A gaudy *Peacock*, or a *Swan*,
The throne of Birds has sat upon.

XXIX.

Sometimes *a fell voracious Kite*
Hath rul'd them with ferocious might;
Sometimes a *Parrot*, prone to talk,
A *Buzzard* now, and now a *Hawk*.

XXX.

Sometimes *a meek and harmless Wren*,
Whose neck was twisted soon; and then
A courtier Wolf has seiz'd the helm
And threaten'd to devour the realm!

XXXI.

'A Wolf?' some, with surprise, will say;
'A *Beast* o'er *Birds* maintain the sway?'
But let such know, whoe'er they be,
Those discords happen frequently.

XXXII.

The laws of nature to confound,
With study and research profound,
The statesman wastes the midnight oil
And triumphs in the senate's broil.

XXXIII.

Once, by an all-wise ordination,
All creatures kept their proper station;
But politics have chang'd the case,
And reason must to pow'r give place.

XXXIV.

Reason! a pretty term, indeed,
To war 'gainst *int'rest's* potent creed!
Nor truth nor reason e'er can mix
With schemes of courtly politics.

XXXV.

But say, *a Beast is not a Bird;*
Say, to maintain it is absurd;
'Twill be of small avail, you know,
If *Lawyers* choose *to prove it so.*

XXXVI.

The juncture, whence my story springs,
Was such a motley state of things;—
Beasts, Reptiles, Birds of ev'ry feather,
In strange confusion mix'd together.

XXXVII.

It chanc'd, a foul and ugly *Toad,*
Born in some *Scottish* dank abode,
To wedlock being much inclin'd,
Link'd with a *Viper,* to his mind;—

XXXVIII.

In search of fortune off they set,
Preferment doubting not to get:
Unto the CHICK they made their way,
And bask'd beneath his fost'ring ray.

XXXIX.

The Viper crawl'd his knees around,
A kind reception quickly found;—
In deadly coil, around his heart,
She plied her foul, envenom'd, art.

XL.

His r—— ear at length she gain'd;
That wish'd-for object once obtain'd,
Her horn, of deadly venom full,
She'd suck'd from slander's noxious pool,

XLI.

Into his ear, she soon instill'd,
His mind with hideous monsters fill'd:—
Forms shapeless, out of nature quite,
Unfit to meet the public sight.

XLII.

She said, it chanc'd upon a time,
She fix'd her vile abode of slime,
Upon *a Heath* and near the spot
Where C——— bewail'd her lot.

XLIII.

But then a picture false she drew!
And plac'd his spotless spouse to view,
The very wanton of the grove,
With ev'ry bird who shar'd her love!

XLIV.

Nay, even *Sea-gulls*, she express'd,
Had stain'd his faithless Partner's nest;
And so her artful tale she grac'd,
He thought e'en *Turtles were unchaste.*

XLV.

These dismal tidings, it appears,
So pain'd his modest r—— ears,
That, scarcely breathing with the shock,
He hasten'd to the PARENT COCK.

XLVI.

Thus to the M——h he complain'd:
'Papa! papa! my honor's stain'd!
The wicked wanton jade, my wife,
Has lost *that jewel of my life.*

XLVII.

'O think, dear pappy! what it is
To meet disasters such as this!
A frail wife's loose inconstancy!—
To *horn* a husband, too, *like me!*'

XLVIII.

'Hey? what, what, what? wife gone astray?'
The sire replied; 'what, what? hey, hey?'
'Yes,' said the Chick, 'tis brought to light;
I have it here in black and white.'

XLIX.

He said, and shew'd th' envenom'd scroll,
That prov'd the black Inventor's soul;—
The old Cock read, and star'd like mad,
Then cried, 'What, what? too bad! too bad!'

L.

'What could she wish for?' cried the Son;
'What can excuse the thing she's done?
Had I not all her wants supplied?
A dozen waiting birds beside?'

LI.

'A nest as neat, snug, and retir'd,
As any Dove could have desir'd?
A wicked, vile, unnat'ral, jade!
Of her example must be made!'

LII.

'Stop, stop, stop! don't go too far;
You are too hot,' said ——, 'you are;
To prove so grievous an offence,
We've not sufficient evidence.'

LIII.

'Sufficient evidence!' replied
The Chick, 'that want shall be supplied;
I'll ferret corners, holes, and nooks,
But evidence I'll get, gadzooks!'

LIV.

So saying, hopp'd off in a trice,
To get assistance and advice,
Enough he'd find of that, no doubt;
So thus the job he set about.

LV.

A *Jackall* was his bosom friend,
A *Lion* fitted to attend;
But of so weak a bending nature,
He'd serve the *very meanest creature*,

LVI.

If *seated in the Lion's place.*
To him he told his piteous case,
And begg'd he'd use each kind endeavour
From him this Partner to dissever.

LVII.

The Jackall said, what could be done
He'd do, but could not act alone;
He wanted one, of shrewder sense,
To fish out hidden evidence.

LVIII.

The Chick said, 'There you'll find no loss;
I've one that's ready at a toss;
A prying *Hawk*, the keenest bird
You ever knew, believe my word.

LIX.

'Each day he fills the justice-seat,
And *Sparrows, thieving in the street,*
Are brought to him to meet their due;
He *quods* the vile plebeian crew.

LX.

'Tis fit we crush *that* pilfering race,
They bring *our* mystery in disgrace;
So, waste not farther time in talk,
Lord Jackall, send for *Justice Hawk.*'

LXI.

He did so;—off the Justice flew,
And 'twas determin'd what to do.
The Jackall fix'd upon his part;
The Hawk resolv'd to shew his art.

LXII.

One night,—one cruel night, severe!
Alas! Compassion's softest tear
Laments the hour, bedews the thought
To cruel recollection brought!—

LXIII.

That lonely night, when all was calm;
While fond Affection shed a balm
To give affliction kind relief,
And heal a lovely mourner's grief;

LXIV.

When gentle, kind, attendant, Doves,
Who long had prov'd their faithful loves,
The passing hour would fain beguile,
And light of joy the transient smile;

LXV.

That night, *a sparrow-catching Hawk*
Around the nest was seen to stalk;
That Hawk, long bred to meaner quest,
To *bringing Thieves to light*, at best;

LXVI.

That *Jail-bird!* that low bully hector,
Of *rascal finches* the detector!
Has dar'd his viler force to move
Against the nest of r—— DOVE!

LXVII.

Her faithful, fair, attendant train,
Who long had sooth'd their mistress' pain,
Her trusty watch-dogs, too, and all,
Were hurried off and kept in thrall;

LXVIII.

And *two Jack-daws* among the band,
Who had been plac'd (so deep 'twas plann'd)
To hear and see whate'er they could,
And mischief 'gainst their mistress brood.

LXIX.

Yes; two Jack-daws, as black as *Cole*,
To watch were set with sly control;
So eager in their task, forsooth,
At last they *Bid good* bye to truth.

LXX.

Off, helter skelter, in a drove,
Great facts (they knew not what) to prove,
They went, by *Justice Hawk* escorted,
Who straight to C—— H—— resorted.

LXXI.

Meanwhile, with dire alarm oppress'd,
The Dove sat trembling in her nest.
Such violence! and what the cause?
She knew not what, or where she was!

LXXII.

By Jackalls and by Hawks affronted!
By unseen persecution hunted!
Depriv'd of ev'ry kind attendant!
Some secret ruin seem'd impendent.

LXXIII.

Is there a heart, that is not stone,
Can hear this tale without a groan?
What eye can read the Sufferer's woe,
And tears of sympathy not flow?

LXXIV.

It chanc'd, there was a LEARNED BEAR,
To whom was giv'n the task, to hear
The charges by the *Viper* brought,
And all the facts the *Daws* had caught;

LXXV.

For so the PARENT COCK decreed,
That he should weigh with special heed
And ev'ry charge maturely con,
Then make Report to him thereon.

LXXVI.

Full wide the *Hawk* and *Jackall* went,
To gain fresh charges their intent,
Or strengthen those which they had got;—
Their mission, though, succeeded not!

LXXVII.

'Twas said, and *firmly sworn* unto,
She'd had an *Egg of spurious hue*,
In that nest, where the Chick alone
In justice should have planted one.

LXXVIII.

To prove this fact, they did apply
Unto a SKILFUL OWL close by;
Of reputation high and clear,
He practis'd *physic* far and near.

LXXIX.

'Twas sworn, the fact that caus'd the blur,
About the Egg, *he* did aver;
But, when he heard them both unfold
The tale that had been sworn and told,

LXXX.

It was a falsehood all, he said:—
The noble Jackall *shook his head,*
And in such sort, it would imply
He doubted his veracity.

LXXXI.

The *Owl* exclaim'd, in louder strain,
'Sir, you may shake your head again!
My word's as good, sir, understand,
As any Jackall's in the land!

LXXXII.

'And I declare, in Truth's fair name,
And to my death will swear the same,
What has been sworn is falsehood quite,—
Falsehood rank and black as night!'

LXXXIII.

Quite chop-fall'n at so great a balk,
Off Jackall set and Justice Hawk:—
They search'd about the Dove's domain,
Among the *meaner servile train;*

LXXXIV.

But found each story quite the same,
And e'en went back just as they came.—
O, noble Jackall! thus to tamper
With menials, will your Lordship hamper.

LXXXV.

For such as Justice Hawk 't might do;
But you, my Lord! I blush for you.—
In spite of titles, rank, and place,
When known, 'twill breed thee sore disgrace!

LXXXVI.

At length the bus'ness was begun,
And (all preliminaries done)
Judge Bear was seated in his pride:
Three other Quadrupeds, beside,

LXXXVII.

Of high importance in the state
Of Birds, around his Judgeship sate.
The Viper came and told her tale,
Which in black venom could not fail;

LXXXVIII.

A tale, which prov'd the *guilt innate*
That could such *monstrous things create;*
A tale so gross, so beastly base,
Was never heard in any case;

LXXXIX.

A tale, all decent feeling mocking,
E'en for a Viper far too shocking.—
Her *consort Toad* put in his oar,
And said that *what the Viper swore,*

XC.

From what he saw, from what *he knew,*
Was all *as any gospel true.*—
Next, the *Jack-daws* were call'd to swear,
And all the facts they knew declare:

XCI.

They did their office mighty well,
And *trifles* they contriv'd to swell
To *matters of importance great,*
That foul suspicions might create.

XCII.

Not quite so bold in perjury,
As was the Toad and Viper she,
They did not swear *such facts were true,*
They did not swear *such things they knew.*

XCIII.

Confin'd to *base surmise,* no more,
All that they durst, the hirelings swore;
Yet all they swore *they had perceived*
Was most completely *negatived,*

XCIV.

By *those who best the truth could know,*
Whose testimony gave the blow
Of death, to all the *suborn'd Crew,*
Daws, Toad, and *perjur'd Viper,* too.

XCV.

The bus'ness done, the BEAR and others
Consulted, like *grave learned Brothers;*
And, summing up the whole account,
This was their judgement's full amount:

XCVI.

They told the COCK, their r—— Sire,
The *Viper* was *a wicked liar;*
The *Toad,* too, who to work had set her,
They all agreed *was little better.*

XCVII.

As for the DOVE, they did protest
No spurious Egg had stain'd her nest;
But yet they *something* did infer;—
Some levity of character,

XCVIII.

Some trifling stain, some lighter blot,
Some other thing, *they knew not what,*
(Thus with their sweets still mingling bitter,)
Of *which* they could not quite *acquit her.*

XCIX.

And this, because they did believe
What the Jack-daws *did not perceive;*
They must believe *their* oaths, because
They were respectable Jack-daws!

C.

The ELDEST CHICK, quite dash'd to find
His willing tools thus all behind,
Ran to the PARENT COCK with speed,
And begg'd no farther he'd proceed,

CI.

Nor deem the r—— DOVE quite free
From charge of infidelity;
But grant a little kind delay,
To hear what *more* he had to say.

CII.

Delay was giv'n,—'twas but a trick
Of this same wild ungen'rous Chick;
Nought more he could alledge or prove
Against his persecuted Dove.

CIII.

The PARENT COCK, with honor due,
Brought forth the Fair to public view;
She mingled with the noblest train,
On ev'ry hand deem'd free from stain.

CXIV.

Determin'd *Nature to surpass,*
And gain approval from his glass,
To *skilful artists* he applied,
And bade them speedily provide

CXV.

An *artificial comb*, that should
Eclipse those of the common brood;—
'Twas done, and he, elate and proud,
The PRINCE OF COXCOMBS was allow'd!

CXVI.

True, now and then, an ugly flaw
Would cast a shade o'er this eclat,
And seem quite on the head to knock
His prowess, as a *fighting Cock.*

CXVII.

For once, when dancing at a *fête,*
Where rank and fashion join'd the treat,
He met a very awkward SPRAIN,
And kept his bed for weeks with pain!

CXVIII.

Yet some assert no sprain it was,
And to his ill assign a cause,
Unworthy of the r—— Chick;—
They do affirm it was A KICK!

CXIX.

But e'en from YARMOUTH unto WALES,
All mouths are busy with such tales;
So even let the matter rest
With those who know the truth on't best.

CXX.

P——s may have fooleries
That will provoke a merry phiz
To laugh; but laughing does no harm,
And gives a state but small alarm.

CXXI.

Not so when they on right turn tail;
When they in higher duties fail;
When wayward *will* supplants the *law*,
And *Vice* would *Virtue's* self *o'er awe*.

CXXII.

I pass, that *Birds of bad report*
Now swell'd the r—— Chicken's court;
I speak not of the *horned Beasts*,
That fill'd his house and shar'd his feasts.

CXXIII.

I pass by that *old stinking Goat*,
Whom he had rais'd to highest note;—
I cite alone, (our case to prove,)
The r—— PERSECUTED DOVE!

CXXIV.

Depriv'd of her illustrious friend,
She found protection at an end;
And Insult rose, with sternest brow,
To frown upon her victim now.

CXXV.

Protector it is true she had;
One, who a sacred vow had made,
Through all the checquer'd scenes of life,
Its dangers, calumny, and strife,

CXXVI.

To guard her free from every ill,
And be her kind supporter still—
But did he act this faithful part?
'Tis answer'd by an aching heart,

CXXVII.

A shrug of sorrow, shake of head,
Where much is meant though nothing said!
But to the point; the time was come,
Big with the DOVE's unfolding doom.

CXXVIII.

This simple fable hath detail'd,
How each attack of malice fail'd,
While the OLD COCK his sway maintain'd,
Within whose bosom CONSCIENCE reign'd.

CXXIX.

But now was aim'd the final blow,
Her happiness to overthrow!
Now came the bitter poison'd dart,
To wound and rankle in her heart!

CXXX.

The r—— Doveling she had rear'd,
Whose innocence her woes had cheer'd,
With pointed, keen, heart-galling slight,
That Doveling was denied her sight.

CXXXI.

Some say the ELDER HEN, past doubt,
Contriv'd to bring this plot about;
If so it were, if such the fact,
Confound the vile unnat'ral act!

CXXXII.

Who would believe that any she
Would counsel such an injury
Accurs'd, at fond Affection's shrine?
Unfeeling, harsh, unfeminine!

CXXXIII.

Sometimes the very meekest creature
Will turn to one of fiercer nature,
When rous'd, by cruel hand infernal,
To sense of injury maternal.

CXXXIV.

The Cow, new-risen from the lair,
Whose breath perfumes the morning air,
Behold with gentle patience stand,
And yield her to the milk-maid's hand!

CXXXV.

Freely she gives the fragrant store,
To those who, when she can no more,
Will whet the knife, will shed her blood,
And seize upon her flesh for food.

CXXXVI.

But let them seize her darling young,
To anger, to revenge, she's strung;
And, of maternal feeling full,
She's fiercer than the foaming bull.

CXXXVII.

So with our Dove; long time had slept
The secret, most profoundly kept,
(With many a lock and many a seal)
That time was destin'd to reveal.

CXXXVIII.

With innate modesty and pride,
(Her honor duly satisfied,)
She sought not to proclaim her wrong,
Nor give her injuries a tongue.

CXXXIX.

But now by secret foes enthrall'd,
By every tie of duty call'd
T'assert a mother's just pretence
And vindicate her innocence,

CXL.

Which this last stroke, so cool, so sly,
Would injure most insidiously;
She had been culpable and weak,
Did she not now most loudly speak.

CXLI.

A letter first, with due respect,
She sent to him who should protect
And not expose her thus to scorn,
After what she had firmly borne.

CXLII.

For answer (what could it betoken?)
Her letter came with seal unbroken!
Again she sent it, and once more
It came back to her as before!

CXLIII.

She tried again, she tried in vain,
Nor satisfaction could obtain;—
At length the Chicken did confess,
Her wrongs he meant not to redress.

CXLIV.

It happen'd, at this moment pat,
The Birds in full assembly sat;
Deputed by each tribe and cast
To keep the laws together fast.

CXLV.

'Tis true, some Beasts had there intruded,
Who should by right have been excluded;
But inconsistency oft' springs
From this said motley state of things.

CXLVI.

A grave and well-beseeming Owl
This wise assembly did control;
To him a letter she indited,
Forthwith claiming to be righted!

CXLVII.

This letter by the Owl was read,
And soon abroad like light'ning spread;
It claim'd (what sure was but her due,)
To let her crime be brought to view;

CXLVIII.

Or, if no crime could be impleaded,
Let her as innocent be treated.—
A game Cock, British bred and sound,
Within th' assembly walls was found,

CXLIX.

Long tried for courage and for worth,
He from a Brewhouse claim'd his birth;
And rose and said, within that house
The Dove's true cause he would espouse.

CL.

Another of the fighting race,
Too, made a motion on the case;
But, what was strange, our brewhouse Cock,
Staunch to his purpose as a rock,

CLI.

Made out a charge against the Bear,
To shew his conduct not quite fair;
Not having render'd evidence
According to its strictest sense.

CLII.

This Bear, of late, you'll understand,
Had much of business on his hand,
And of no very pleasant nature,
That kept him ever in hot water.

CLIII.

A saucy, pert, and scribbling, Bee,
Had stung the Bear so much, that he
Swore to demolish every hive,
And let no scribbling Bee survive.

CLIV

On vengeance bent and full of ire,
He set out with a Vulture dire,
A Bird repulsive, fierce, and strong,
With dreadful talons sharp and long.

CLV.

Hives they upset, one after t'other,
And seiz'd on many a stinging brother;
But soon it gave a wide alarm,
And rais'd about their ears a swarm,

CLVI.

That all the *Bears* within the land
Would be unable to withstand.—
The *Vulture*, flying soon away,
Left Bruin to abide the fray.

CLVII.

Poor wretch! his case was very sad,
Their stings soon drove him roaring mad;
And, while yet smarting from the shock,
To be attack'd by our game Cock!

CLVIII.

No sooner had it reach'd his ear,
Than he began to foam and swear;
He stamp'd and rav'd as few could tell,
Swore, '*'twas a lie as false as hell!*'

CLIX.

Yet did our game Cock nothing flinch,
Nor would he bate a single inch;
But made his case out strong and fair,
Spite of the growling of the Bear.

CLX.

Th' assembly, though a motley train,
Did Birds of various class contain;
There *King-fishers*, in crowds you'll see,
Goldfinches of the T——y!

CLXI.

And *Ostriches* of rare digestion,
Whose *swallow* none can call in question;
The *horned Owl* there gained a seat,
And saintly *Rook*, so smooth and neat;

CLXII.

The *humming Bird* and the *Macaw*,
And chattering *Magpies of the law;*
Yet *Eagles* too there might be found,
Who scorn'd each earthly bar or mound,

CLXIII.

That would restrain their daring flight,
Beyond the ken of earthly sight;
And heavenward steer their ardent course,
Drink truth from its celestial source,

CLXIV.

Expound the principles of law,
And dark Corruption's fiend o'er awe;
Such bosoms could not fail to move
The meek remonstrance of the Dove.

CLXV.

Appeal was made; accord was one;
Who rose t'asperse our victim?—NONE!
Without a single non-content,
She was pronounced INNOCENT!

CLXVI.

The VIPER once more stigmatis'd,
For all the guilt she had devis'd;
A PERJUR'D WRETCH! 'fit garbage' she,
To glut 'the hell-hound, Infamy.'

CLXVII.

The bus'ness so determined,
A gen'ral satisfaction spread;
It flew like wild-fire through the land,
And ev'ry heart and ev'ry hand

CLXVIII.

Was animated in defence
Of injur'd r—— Innocence!
While tides of proud congratulation
Flow'd in from all parts of the nation.

CLXIX.

The CITY-BIRDS first led the way,
In splendid pomp and grand array;
Their neighbours urg'd the bus'ness gaily,
And *carrier Pigeons* came in daily

CLXX.

From country parts and country meetings,
With loyal sentiments and greetings;
One feeling only did control
Each honest, worthy, B——h soul.

CLXXI.

For *Vipers*, they throughout the nation
The objects were of execration;
Each honest Beast and Bird foreswore 'em,
And even hung them *in terrorem!*

CLXXII.

Thus ended the conspiracy!
Thus ever perish Infamy!
Thus Virtue ever find defence!
THUS EVER TRIUMPH INNOCENCE!

THE END.

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MEMOIRS

OF

Her Royal Highness

CAROLINE AMELIA ELIZABETH

Princess of Wales,

INCLUDING IMPORTANT PARTICULARS CONCERNING

The Foul Conspiracy

AGAINST

Her Honour and her Life;

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Lilliputian Navy!!

THE

R——T's FLEET;

OR,

JOHN BULL

AT

THE SERPENTINE:

A Poem,

BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.

Come, Johnny, do not stay to dine,
Let's hasten to the S————e;
Let thy attention there engage,
The Wonder of this Wondrous Age!

The Fleet! The Fleet! behold it there!—
Why, Johnny, pray what makes you stare?
"The Fleet Sir?" Yes, Man, don't you spy it?
It is a Fleet, who dare deny it?

A Fleet, built on the newest Plan,
By many a skilful Artizan.
Fit for—(nay, John, thy mouth pray shut,)
Fit for the KING OF LILLIPUT!!

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Ingram-court, Fenchurch-street.

THE

R———T's FLEET,

&c. &c.

1.

COME rouse thee! rouse thee! JOHNNY BULL!
Nor wait until the Park is full;
Come, haste and join the eager throng,
Fast moving through the streets along!

2.

Nay, do not scruple the expense,
'Tis pleasure, John, that calls thee hence,
Nor coldly calculate the use,
That sums so lavish'd would produce,

3.

If given to cheer the *vet'ran maim'd*,
In bold exploits of valour fam'd;
Or given to each aching breast,
The *vet'ran fall'n* has left distrest:

14.

A Fleet built on the newest plan,
By many a skilful artizan,
Fit for—(nay, John, thy mouth pray shut,)
Fit for the KING OF LILLIPUT!

15.

Let NELSON's name no more be sounded,
By deathless laurels though surrounded;
Let HOWE and DUNCAN (sons of thunder)
Never more excite our wonder!

16.

ST. VINCENT hide thy fallen head,
And mourn, alas! thy glories fled;
But shout his fame, this fleet who plann'd,
The first best *toyman* in the land!

17.

Lament, lament, great ALEXANDER,
Prone in other climes to wander!
PRUSSIA'S MONARCH mourn thy fate,
Denied a sight that came *too late!*

18.

Thou BONAPARTE! luckless wight!
Fast bound in ELBA'S Isle so tight,
Had'st thou been blest to see this day,
Encircled with imperial sway,

19.

Thou'dst envy not our *commerce* vast,
In human annals ne'er surpass'd,
Deem *colonies* no more than chips:—
Thou'dst only envy us our *ships*.

20.

Rejoice, for now thy name shall shine,
Soft NAIAD of the S————ne,
While meaner streams neglected lie,
And weeping Thames his urn shall dry.

21.

No more, upon thy verdant banks,
Shall wanton urchins' early pranks
Offend thee, e'er Sol's ruddy beam
Has shone upon thy silent stream;

22.

No more shall they with bottoms bare,
Unto thy chaste cold arms repair;
Nor smirch'd mechanic dare to lave
His carcase in thy limpid wave.—

23.

No; guarded by thy *bum-proof* fleet,
The bold invaders thou can'st meet,
And pour on each intrusive tail
A broadside volley, thick as hail.

34.

Still with thy plain, blunt YES or NO,
In one dull path thou'dst plodding go;
No double purpose fills thy head,
By thee no more is *meant* than *said*.

35.

Faith John, thou yet hast much to learn,
To understand each mazy turn,
Within the politicians' brain;—
But, come, this matter I'll explain.

36.

You know we have within our city,
Councils (true, not over witty,)
Grave assemblies of debate,
Who meddle with affairs of state.

37.

Each great political event,
Will this officious parliament,
Canvass, nay, censure too, (od rot'em,)
And sift state matters to the bottom.

38.

They speeches make and their crude notions
Hammer into shape of motions,
And take addresses (saucy things)
Unto the very ears of K——gs.

39.

They minister's attack at pleasure,
Find fault with many a public measure,
Call Com——n H—lls and make a stir there;
But that's not all, they go still further:—

40.

Suppose some Pers——ge of State
Should with a P——ss link his fate,
Who gives him (nine months past and gone)
A Lovely Heiress to his T——e.

41.

Forbid, dear John, that you or I,
With hand prophane, should ever try
To draw aside the *veil* that lies
'Twixt us and *Hymen's mysteries*.

42.

No farther will we seek to go
Than outward circumstances shew—
Enough for us that they were mated,
And shortly after separated.

43.

How folks should act when so divided,
I have not clearly heard decided;
But on such topics oft we see
Opinions widely disagree.

44.

Some think a nunnery's seclusion,
Secure from any male intrusion,
Is fitting most the female's lot,
Who *singly* wears the *married knot*,

45.

While unrestrain'd the lordly spouse
In ev'ry pleasure shall carouse,
And choose for absent wife *a Proxy*,
Where'er he finds a fav'rite doxy ;

46

While others think (and, 'tis most true,
I am inclin'd to think so too,)
The lovely bride of blood m—j—c,
Shut from society domestic,

47.

May shine at balls, at routs, and plays,
May share the pomp of public days,
And, without criminal inducement,
Indulge in every gay amusement.

48.

But slander, Johnny's never slow,
At any dirty work we know,
And none than female unprotected
A readier victim is selected.

49.

Yes; imps of malice still we find
In high life, as in low inclin'd,
With tales of scandal fain to juggle us,
Like Sir J—— and L—y D——s.

50.

But people of discreeter morals
Should meddle not with wedded quarrels;
This, prudence says to all, and *certes*,
So once said Sir W——m C——s;

51.

Who, in such squabble interposing,
Lucklessly would thrust his *Nose* in,
Which got so tweak'd that life's duration
Will not allay its *inflammation*.

52.

But these same pert and prating sinners,
So fond of speeches and of dinners,
Would to this rule objection take,
And certain nice *distinctions* make.

53.

They said a P——ss, tho' deserted,
By calumny should not be dirtied;
Nay, deem'd her character to be
A kind of public property.

54.

And if beset with venal spies,
With minions 'gend'ring basest lies,
Exposed to dark examinations,
Fixing unknown imputations,

55.

Her sole legitimate PROTECTOR,
At such a crisis should neglect her,
They ev'ry energy would rouse,
And hand and heart her cause espouse.

56.

This purpose fully bent upon,
They took a trip to Kens——n
And more to give their errand grace,
They took the M——r, with sword and mace.

57.

But he who led the grand array,
Along *St. Giles's* chose the way,
And made their choler very high burn,
To find themselves *turn'd off at Tyburn*.

58.

Yet through the park in proud procession,
With many a dutiful profession,
They went to clear from imputation,
The victim of foul accusation.

59.

Yes, this they did, (a saucy train!)
But will they dare *do so again*,
When such a *potent armament*,
Commands the way which erst they went?

60.

No, no, ye Waith——ns and ye W——ds,
You must restrain your peevish moods—
Learn female wrongs to treat like stoics
Nor deal so largely in heroics!

61.

The Houses with addresses cram,
Of Car——n, or of Bu———m,—
To those you shall pass unmolested:—
Nay, e'en with *knighthood* be invested;

62.

But come not here with plaintive ditty,
Of tender feeling, or of pity,
To solace a neglected bride,
Or your presumption we will chide!

63.

If here again, you make approaches,
We'll batter, faith! your gilded coaches!
But come within our cannons level,
We'll blow you to the very d——l!

64.

But who shall speak thy wondrous praise,
Thou miracle of these our days!
Thou finish'd leader of the ton,
Whom every eye is fix'd upon!

65.

Thou patron of politer arts—
The every soul that life imparts,
To *stay makers* and *wig* contrivers,
Tailors and professions divers!

66.

Thou jolly *full grown* god of love,
Who, vulgar prejudice above,
Deem'st marriage bands but links of feather,
Binding only fools together,

67.

And quite impotent to confine,
P——ly souls when they incline
To leave their own wives, or repair
To kiss some other wedded fair.

68.

Thou star of elegance and fashion!
Thou pink of all that's gay and dashing!
Graceful *em-bon-point* Adonis!
P——e of modern macaronies!

69.

Long thou'st been the admiration,
Of a wise and thinking nation!
Oft thou hast surprised us truly,
Time past gone as well as newly;

70.

But this *last* grand thought astounds us—
Yes its brilliancy confounds us—
All thy former prodigies,
The world must own *were fools to this.*

71.

What though to our satisfaction,
Prov'd thou hast, there's more attraction
In old wrinkled age and pimples,
Than in youthful smiles and dimples?

72.

What though on recent glad occasions,
Grand were thy illuminations—
Cannon fir'd too from thy wall—
Yet thy FLEET surpasses all!

73.

What were *gold and silver fishes,*
Swimming 'mong the plates and dishes;
(Menaced oft with streams of gravy)
To this MATCHLESS LITTLE NAVY?

74.

Raise your grateful voices loud!
Britons sure may well be proud,
When the Ru—r of the nation
Shews such *skill in navigation!*

75.

Though no laurell'd Alexander,
He, a *nautical* commander,
In historic page shall shine,
Adm'ral of the S———!!!

76.

May he till the age of Noah,
Float in streams of *Curaçoa!*
May his vigour ne'er grow rusty!
May no Venus old and fusty,

77.

(Driving him to desperation,)
Frown upon his ardent passion!
May his dancing ne'er again
Be interrupted by A SPRAIN!

78.

Advancing now, with low'ring mien,
A cloud in the horizon seen,
Spreads o'er bright sol it's dusky power,
Descending quickly in a shower!

79.

A mist of darkness most profound,
Involves the standers-by around,
Who, drench'd with rain, their fate are cursing,
When speedily the cloud dispersing,

80

Phœbus, with a gladdening ray,
Pours again the flood of day,
And, lo! beneath his aspect bright,
OLD NEPTUNE's self appears in sight!

81.

Not as some artists, dull and stupid,
Who of him know no more than Cupid,
Have painted him with *triple prong*,
And by *sea-horses* drawn along:—

82.

A *naval uniform* he wore,
And seem'd an ancient commodore;
Thin locks of grey, an added grace
Gave to his weather-beaten face.

83.

No CAR proclaim'd the ocean's God—
Upon a *cask* of *rum* he rode,
And, in his hand, *a yard of clay*,*
Was all that mark'd his sceptred sway.

* A tobacco-pipe.

84.

Of *tritons*, with their shells, not one,
His godship did attend upon;
But all their places, well supplied
A rough old boatswain, at his side;—

85.

Obedient to his master's will,
His grog he'd make, his pipe he'd fill;
Right blunt and honest were his tones,—
They whisper'd he was *Davy Jones*.

86.

Quite fill'd with wonder and surprise,
The crowd shrunk back with staring eyes —
" Avast!" the god said, " don't you know me?
" Do you forget how much you owe me?

87.

" What makes you stare so? I am Neptune,
" All last war so well who kept tune,
" In engagements hot and many,
" To your song of Rule *Britanny*.

88.

" Mayhap that now the war is o'er,
" Of Neptune you may think no more;
" Of him, who always stood your friend;
" Of him, who did your isle defend,

89.

" When Boney with great preparation,
" Talk'd so much about invasion ;—
" He wanted islands—now he's *got one*,—
" This he would have found a hot one.

90.

" Twas I,— but where's the man will doubt it?
" Zounds! I scorn to prate about it —
" What are you met here to see?
" I'm sure you never *thought of me*.

91.

" Yon fleet of *cock-boats*?—I perceive it
" Englishmen?—I can't believe it—
" Go get you home, and cry for shame,
" That *here* in search of ships you came.

92.

" Of NELSON did you never hear?
" Confound it, now my eyes feel queer!"
A tear roll'd down his cheek so rough,
Across his face he drew his cuff!

93.

" What ships were, *he* knew,—heaven bless him!
" Sad day! when grim death came to press him;
" Yet I'm glad 'twas so, in one sense ;
" For had he liv'd to see this nonsense,

94.

" He would have been asham'd of fighting
" For people who could take delight in,
" Such a *Navy* as that there ;—
" D—n me! but it makes me swear!

95.

" ' *England expects*,'—but what's expected
" With a fleet like this erected ?
" If *ev'ry man* his *duty* did,
" He would (aye without being bid,)

96.

" A rope's-end lay on, without sparing,
" Ev'ry one who had a share in
" Building this same piece of folly—
" The sight on't makes me melancholy.

97.

" But as for him that order'd it,
" I'll mince the matter not a bit :—
" I don't care *whatsomde'er* you call him,
" If I had him, I'd *keel-haul* him.

98.

" You'll say he never was at sea,
" But that don't *argufy* with me—
" Whate'er the foolish or the wise say,
" Sink the *stupid lubber* I say !

99.

"What, John Bull! Yo ho, my hearty!
"Send these here ships to *Bonyparty*,
"To play with in the isle of *Elby*—
"Generous you may as well be.

100.

"Mark what I say, John, and obey me—
"If such tricks again they play me,
"By the ocean they shall rue it!—
"England's mine—I've long stuck to it

101.

"Though foes endeavour'd to alarm ye
"Old Nick himself could never harm ye;
"But vex me, and (howe'er you think it)
"I rais'd this land and I can sink it."

102.

Thus said, and, in a cloud envelop'd,
Quick from their sight old Neptune gallop'd,—
No sooner gone, than all the crowd
'Gan mutter their displeasure loud.

103.

And, as their discontent grew higher,
They swore to set the fleet on fire,
When lo!—for day had clos'd in night,
Another object caught their sight!

114.

" Had we been wise to stay at home,
" Nor gaping after fire-works come,
" We, by such conduct, had been winners,
" And sav'd the price of many dinners.

115.

" D—n the squibs and crackers!" cried
Loud voices heard on every side;
" This *mountain's labour* in a *mouse* ends,
" To feast our eyes we have lost thousands."

116.

" So," cried John Bull with secret pain,
" You won't catch me this way again—
" 'Tis thus they ease me of my pelf,
" But I can only blame myself.

117.

" If men like me who're past their prime,
" Will children turn a second time,
" 'Tis fit they should as such be treated—
" By *greater* children robb'd and cheated."

118.

A voice then whisper'd in his ear,
" John Bull, you've purchas'd knowledge dear,
" At length then in experience' school,
" Learn never more to play the fool.

119.

" Don't run stark mad, to gape and stare,
" At ev'ry thing that's new or rare,
" Learn curiosity to season,
" And weigh things in the scale of reason.

120.

" Learn what is rational to prize,
" And what is trifling to despise ;
" Let folly have no pow'r to please you,
" Then none will e'er attempt to fleece you.

121.

" Your pockets will not lighter grow,
" By looking at a silly show,
" Nor like to day's expensive joke,
" Your promis'd pleasures *end in smoke.*"

THE END.

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THE

O-PŒIAD,

A Satire.

BY

A MAD BULL.

Difficile est Satiram non scribere, nam quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus; ut teneat se?

JUVENAL, Sat. I. L. 30.

Who can refrain from Satire's bursting rage,
Nor lash the Crimes of this corrupted STAGE.

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THE

O-PŒIAD.

"IN* early Greece, and in a barb'rous age,
"A wretched tumbrel was the actor's stage."
—Oh! were a cart, indeed, their stage again,
(The last sad stage, of fallen highwaymen!)
Rather than thus, the world should longer see
These mimic tyrants murder liberty,
And take upon themselves to swear, and vouch,
No law, is law, but that of Scaramouch;
The stern Lycurgus of the present day,
Who damns the wretch, that dares to damn his play,
Enacts new laws, when old ones chance to fail,
And sends e'en women, if they squeak, to jail.

* Vide Mr. Kemble's Prologue on the Opening of the New Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden.

I'm not a methodist, but I confess,
'Tis time these gilded vermin to suppress,
At least, to strip them of their tinsel trash,
And o'er them place the beadle and the lash;
And should they wish to flourish now and then,
Let them at night, be kings and gentlemen,
But, ev'ry morning, vagabonds again.
Vain wish! revolving ages have refin'd,
And purg'd the optics of the human mind;
These buskin'd gentlemen are alter'd things,
They rule the roast, and cock the nose at kings,
High in the green-room chair supremely sit
Lords paramount, and arbiters of wit.
No more they roam, the very scorn of Heav'n,
From town to town, from post to pillar driv'n,
On dirty banks content to lay their heads,
And leave to gentlefolks their feather beds,
Nor under hedges, nor in barns display,
Their pompous nonsense from a throne of hay;
There, for a moment, wither with their frowns,
The lusty hearts of gaping wond'ring clowns,
Or crack the sides, or stop the gasping breath,
Or tickle ale-wives with their fun to death;

Then, could they pilfer but an ass at most,
A straggling smock, or sucking pig to roast,
Nor e'en in dreams, to greater state aspire,
Than donkey-mounted, pacing thro' the mire.

Such was an actor's life in days of yore,
But actors now, are vagabonds no more;
Thanks, to the quick discernment of an age,
Which starves the Church to idolize the Stage;
Which gives to learn'd professors of grimace,
The splendid stipend of a statesman's place,
Pours in the laps of slaves who sing and dance,
(For aught we know, the spies and tools of France)
A golden flood, while English genius sighs
Unseen, unknown, or seen, insulted dies.

Gods! shall these mushrooms, fungi of a night,
Assume the nod, and teach us what is right,
Stop all our mouths, and bandy words and blows,
And lead a gallant nation by the nose?
Forbid it Heav'n! forbid it common sense!
Nor yield the town a prey to insolence.

Besides, if I remember right, we find,
There, hope most fortunately staid behind;
But ah! what hope have we, deluded souls!
To hunt the vermin from these filthy holes,
And thro' them turn the tide of public rage,
To sweep pollution from the guilty stage,
So long as managers and actors clear
From this foul trade, their thousands every year,
And hoary letchers, fashionable dames,
Lords, Dukes, and Earls, can there indulge their flames,
Or throw the dice, or cheat, and win at loo,
Unseen, unheard, and unsuspected too?

Shame on the times, when noble lords combine,
With sordid actors, in the mean design,
To pamper lust, and pocket paltry pence,
At ev'ry honest Englishman's expence;
Deprave the taste, and feeling of the town,
And level public morals to their own,
Call rights and liberties, and such grave things,
Mere foolish words, to frighten foolish kings:
And oh! become, (unheard of speculation,)
The pimps and pandars of the British nation!!

Wake, Mother Windsor! wake! assert your rights,
Nor let these rogues purloin your trade o' nights,
Ye pimps, ye punks, ye bawds where'er ye dwell,
Ye ghosts of those, who 're burning now in hell,
Arise! awake! and pour your loudest yell!
Howl round the lobbies, in the boxes glare,
Nor let a private strumpet ogle there!

They come, they come, I see the vision rise,
And Covent Garden echoes with their cries,
To brazen pots and pans, in cadence sweet,
The O. P. dancing with alternate feet.
Full in the front, see Cambridge leads them on,
Hurls her pale wig, and damns the tyrant John;
" Behold in me your general," she roars,
" Confide in me, ye bullies and ye whores!
" What! shall they bilk poor women of their trade,
" Nor leave for starving pimps, a single maid?
" Shall private boxes emulate the 'Key,'
" Monopolizing our iniquity?
" Forbid it fate! no, rather let me rot,
" By ev'ry fav'rite customer forgot!"

Furious they hear, and from ten thousand throats,
In one discordant blast, proclaim their votes;
Onward they march, increasing as they go,
Like city kennels, that with filth o'erflow,
In fog, and smoke, the wanton zephyrs flirt,
With tatter'd shifts, and remnants of a shirt
On broomstieks rear'd, with various ensigns proud,
The consecrated banners of the crowd.
And here my muse might tell in tuneful rhyme,
(But that in truth she's rather prest for time)
Of mighty hosts, and chiefs whose deathless styles,
In Wapping records blaze, and fam'd St. Giles,
Might tell what strength emerg'd from Barbican,
Storm'd in the rear, or lighten'd in the van;
Of streets, of lanes, of alleys and of holes,
Whose smirch'd inhabitants came here in shoals;
Might tell—but let them in oblivion lie,
'Till rescued thence, by greater bards than I.

But see, what tumult! hark, what dreadful din!
They gain the house, and rush resistless in:
Now thro' the lobby take their furious way,
And fill e'en Jemmy Brandon with dismay;

He flies—but ah! consummate in retreat,
He flies indeed, but to retort defeat;
He knows each turn and winding of the house,
And creeps thro' holes that wou'd escape a mouse.
The crowd divides—of victory secure—
But Brandon storms them from a private door;
Behind him throng a most infernal crew,
Grisly and fierce, and terrible to view;
Monsters they seem, and arm'd with iron claws,
The dread avengers of forgotten laws.
Appall'd the O. P's. for a moment stand,
For well they know of old the hated band,
But, red with port, and redder still with ire,
Lo! Captain Clifford, stirs the slumb'ring fire,
Flies to the charge, and renovates the fray;
But fortune, fickle fortune, walks away—
In vain with Kitty Cambridge hand in hand,
He fights, he swears, and reeling tries to stand,
Prone in the dust, lo! vanquished Clifford lies,
And Brandon grins, and glories in his prize—
Oh! spare ye visions, spare my aching sight,
Nor sear my eye-balls with that horrid night,
When Jemmy Brandon triumph'd o'er the right!

And, are their wives and daughters grown so proud,
They cannot bear that vulgar thing, a crowd,
Save in their own state rooms, where they "at home,"
Keep little carnivals, and mimic Rome?

In England, (liberty's peculiar throne,)
All jealous, proud exclusion is unknown;
We hate distinctions, and abhor the lines
Which, harshly accurate, each rank defines;
The peasant's cheek can boast as pure a rose,
And in his eye as noble lustre glows,
As fires the monarch's, when he rides afar,
And leads with bick'ring blade the smoking war.
The British people, like those works of art
A Claude could only to the world impart,
Of ev'ry shade and mixture are combin'd,
And seem th' epitome of human kind;
Now vivid colours glow, then dark prevail,
Here frowns the steep ascent, there smiles the vale,
And tints with tints, and lights with shadows vie,
But, all together blend harmoniously,
And charm the soul, and fill the raptur'd eye.
If to an English mind, discerning Heav'n,
Nor judgment, taste, nor sense, nor wit had giv'n,

Then, might indeed, our managers and play'rs,
Have curl'd the lip, and shewn conceited airs.—
But, wept we not o'er Belvidera's woes?
Throbb'd not our hearts when kindling Brutus rose?
And who, so dead to Nature, can forget
We have not found a genuine Falstaff yet.

Are we (when thus endued with feelings nice,
To hail each virtue, and abhor each vice,)
Tamely to sit, and like a muzzled bear,
Be flogg'd, and kick'd, for growling at a play'r?
Shall we be shackled, if we dare to wind
Our bugle horn, and boldly speak our mind?
Shall pantomimic rascals, musty knaves,
Prescribe to us, and tell us that we're slaves?
Shall shadows, mock'ries, phantoms of a night,
Mere things that melt before the morning's light,
Scare us away, and push us from our stools,
Like Banquo's ghost, and make us look like fools?
Shall such things be? indeed I fear they must,
For poor John Bull, is humbled to the dust.
But he will ne'er forget, nor e'er forgive,
(For the foul stain, indelible shall live,)

When bruisers, jews, and thieves, a ragged band,
The scum, and offscourings of ev'ry land,
Were paid by actors to support their cause,
By breaking heads, and breaking sacred laws;
And, if a free-born Briton gave his vote,
Beat him to earth, and fasten'd on his throat.
Such things can never tamely be withstood,
They heat the current of the coldest blood!

Was't nobly done monopolists of farce,
To treat your patron just like Balaam's ass;
And when at length the patient creature spoke,
Ruffians! to fell him with a murd'rous stroke?
But, tremble wretches! and believe the bard,
You still shall meet the prophet's dire reward!

FINIS.

T. Collins, Printer, Harvey's Buildings, Strand, London.

SUPPRESSED EVIDENCE;

OR,

R——l Intriguing:

BEING

THE HISTORY

OF A

Courtship, Marriage and Separation,

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE FATE OF

THE PRINCESS OF ——,

TOGETHER WITH

A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THOSE CHARACTERS

WHICH IMMEDIATELY LED TO IT,

AND THE

Private Transactions of the Secret Committee

IN A CERTAIN

DELICATE INVESTIGATION.

COMPRISING THE HITHERTO UNKNOWN MYSTERIES OF

"MY OWN MEMOIRS,"

BY P—— P——, POET LAUREAT,

Author of "R—L STRIPES,"—(suppressed.)

The story Truth now brings to light
Has long, *too long*, lain hid in night,
But she, bright goddess, shall reveal it;
And though *My Lord* his head may shake,
By Jupiter! I would not take
Five hundred guineas to conceal it.

London;

PUBLISHED BY E. WILSON, 88, CORNHILL,

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1813.

PRICE EIGHTEEN PENCE.

5

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A POEM, &c.

I.

Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us
From *ex-officio* writs tremendous!
From GARROW, PLOMER, and *Judge* GIBBS.
I've got a tale, whose lightest part
Will freeze thy blood, distract thy heart,
And make it knock against thy ribs!

II.

Attend unto it's secret birth,
Ye Kings, and Princes of the earth!
Ye mortals both above, and under us;
No tale of demons, ghosts, and caverns,
Or bloods in scuffles kill'd at taverns,
Is half so dreadful, dark, and wond'rous!

III.

The story, Truth now brings to light,
Has long, *too long*, lain hid in night,
But she, bright goddess, shall reveal it;
And tho' *my Lord* his head may shake,
By Jupiter, I would not take
Five hundred guineas to conceal it!

IV.

In ancient times, when freedom smil'd
On GOTHAM's favor'd prosp'rous land,
When cheerfully the ploughman toil'd,
And plenty blest his lab'ring hand,

V.

There reign'd a PRINCE, a noble youth,
Whose praises oft' were loudly caroll'd,
Pattern of constancy and truth,
Not like that idle rogue, "*Childe Harold*,"
Who to *reform* would ne'er begin,
'Till it grew *troublesome* to sin.

VI.

His court was fill'd with beauteous dames,
Who burn'd with Cupid's fiercest flames,
I wish I could disclose their names,
Tho' that perhaps might breed some tattle;

Suffice it, that the nymphs who burn'd,
Had all their passions well return'd,
By chiefs who much applause had earn'd,
In various bloody fields of battle.

VII.

No harricot, or French ragout,
No dainty hash, delicious stew,
No fish that swam, no bird that flew,
But grac'd his free and plenteous table;
Good fellowship and glorious cheer,
In GOTHAM reign'd throughout the year,
And guests were all invited here,
To cram as long as they were able.

VIII.

Bright sparkling draughts of gen'rous wine,
That fill the soul with thoughts divine,
And manly hearts to love incline,
Inspir'd the chiefs with deeds of arms;
While many a toast would conquer those
Who ne'er were conquer'd by their foes,
Undaunted men! who live on blows,
And thrive the best 'midst war's alarms.

IX.

Nor did sweet music's softer power
Refuse to crown the festive hour,
Apollo left his sacred bower,
To fill with harmony the scene;

Some tender soft and plaintive air,
Which spoke the lover's anxious care,
Alternate hope, and deep despair,
With dying symphonies between.

X.

The airy dance and jovial song,
By turns solac'd the courtly throng,
And merrily they tripp'd along
To hautboy dulcimer and fiddle;
While some to give their wit a handle,
Sat down to chocolate and scandal,
Conundrum, forfeit, jest, and riddle.

XI.

And I might tell, as bards have done—
Of those that lost, and those that won,
How many curs'd the morning sun,
(Such curses heav'n ne'er bring upon us!)
How fair ones took their partners in,
(A common case with those who win,)
And lady ROUNDABOUT M'FLINN
Was six by cards, and four by honors.

XII.

It was propos'd at council board,
By many a sage, and many a lord,
Who GOTHAM, and it's PRINCE ador'd,
That some FAIR NYMPH of honor peerless

Should glad their monarch's royal arms,
And fill his breast with fond alarms,
As life unbless'd with beauty's charms,
Is dreary, barren, cold, and cheerless.

XIII.

Twelve noble peers in robes of state,
Exulting sought the palace gate,
Big with the kingdom's future fate,
(For which, good souls! they were assembled:)
In solemn pace they march'd along,
With wigs magnificently long,
Amazement seiz'd the vulgar throng,
They gaz'd with awe, with fear they trembled.

XIV.

Thrice did these loyal men of wonder
Assail the gate, with knocks like thunder,
Which at their bidding flew asunder:
And now the palace yard they enter;
In time they reach the council hall,
Where fifty yeoman stout and tall,
Stood ready, at their prince's call,
Whose throne imperial grac'd the centre.

XV.

So low they kneel'd with awe profound,
Their huge full-bottoms swept the ground,
With duty, rev'rence, and submission;
But soon encourag'd by His Highness,

They with true magisterial dryness
Disclos'd the object of their mission.

XVI.

The PRINCE he started, gap'd, look'd weazen,
The nobles with sufficient reason,
Were fearful they had utter'd treason,
And whispering "Sure the PRINCE will
scold us!"
Besought in supplicating strain,
Their heads might not be cut in twain,
But be permitted to remain
Just where they stood—upon their shoulders.

XVII.

Loud laugh'd the PRINCE to hear them croak,
HIS HIGHNESS much enjoy'd the joke,
And thus in gentle accents spoke,
"Good gentlemen! may I be pounded
In some apothecary's mortar,
Or stand up, by the head the shorter,
Be kill'd by land, or drown'd by water,
But that your fears are idly grounded.

XVIII.

'Tis true, I started and was dumb,
To see your rev'rend worships come
Upon an embassy *so rum*,
With long bag-wigs, and robes of ermine;

And, (to add comfort to my life)
Beseech me thus to take a *wife*,
(Heav'n guard me from the nuptial strife!)
A thing I ne'er could yet determine.

XIX.

"For women are such noisy cattle,
Their pretty tongues go tittle tattle,
Just like a fine three-farthing rattle,
Which we may buy at fair of Bart'lemy;
And then the thought is most appalling,
Of wives hallooing, children squalling,
Such matrimonial caterwauling
I think is quite enough to startle me.

XX.

"And then you'll own (for nought more sure is,)
That ladies tho' in beauty *houries*,
In temper may be downright *furies*,
And make their husbands in the room sticks;
And in the sight of ev'ry neighbour,
Their backs indignantly belabor,
And make them dance without a tabor,
To little *instruments* call'd *broomsticks*.

XXI.

"And tell me, nobles, would it pleasure ye
To see me rob the royal treasury,

To furnish this expensive goddess?
For she must have her caps, and veils,
Her furbelows, and farthingales,
Her golden stomacher, and bodice.

XXII.

"And she must have her box of paint,
Or else her ladyship would faint,
Swear you were stingy, I were cruel;
And then (good people, have compassion!)
In some accursed whim of fashion,
She'd sell my kingdom for a jewel.

XXIII.

"And she must have quite snug and handy,
A private thimble-full of brandy,
To cure the mulligrubs, so stitching;
And, though a nymph of peerless honor,
The habit p'r'aps may steal upon her,
For liquor's mightily bewitching.

XXIV.

"And sure 'twould shock my tender feeling
To see her Majesty a-reeling,
Drunk as the sow of good King David;
And if (an accident not rare,)
My royal wife should curse and swear,
Lord, how the multitude would stare,
To see their Queen so ill-behaved!

XXV.

" And she must have to wait upon her,
Grooms, pages, aye, and maids of honor,
A mob impertinent and lazy;
And then a coxcomb hot from France
To teach her gracefully to dance,
Or curl and dress her auburn jazey.

XXVI.

" And she must have her balls and plays,
And chambermaids to lace her stays,
And birth-day suits for gala days,
Hoop-petticoats, and silks and flounces;
And then to make her sweet and fair,
Three pound of powder in her hair,
Pomatum, *Russia oil*, so rare,
And *huile antique*, full twenty ounces.

XXVII.

" Besides some pompous *poor relation*
To steal my cash, and starve my nation,
Who'd of my subjects match the tallest;
While some huge whisker'd *German chief*
Will swallow me *six pounds of beef*,
And prove his stomach *not the smallest*.

XXVIII.

" And sure such vile infernal cramming
In GOTHAM'S land would breed a famine,

Or else I'm grievously mistaken;
And 'twould much discontent produce
To give *five shillings* for a goose,
Or *six-pence* for a pound of bacon.

XXIX.

" And if ('tis no impossibility,)
This lovely pattern of gentility,
To prove herself of *true nobility*,
When in the marriage noose we're buckled,
(It is an ill which most I fear,
As women's taste is sometimes queer,)
Should fancy some tall grenadier,
And make your faithful PRINCE a *cuckold*.

XXX.

" Lord, how the boys would hoot, and hollo,
The fishwomen my footsteps follow,
E'en the blind children of Apollo
Would pester me with filthy ditties;
While some with bowels of compassion,
As horns are now so much the fashion,
Perhaps would moderate their passion,
And cry, " *Oh! 'tis a thousand pities.*"

XXXI.

" Now though with love the sex may tickle us,
I think it mightily ridiculous

That men of sense should thus be duped;
And tho' I'm gallant to the marrow,
I ne'er was wounded by the arrow
Of that sly vagabond, young *Cupid*.

XXXII.

"Such ills must surely have great weight
To warn me from the marriage state,
For they in time might prove my own;
And you perhaps would rue the hour
A faithless woman shar'd the power
Of GOTHAM'S PRINCE, and GOTHAM'S THRONE.

XXXIII.

"But still, if I could chance to meet
A nymph with every grace replete,
In mind and body, quite complete,
I promise—by the foot of Pharaoh,
That, vanquish'd by her matchless charms,
Dispelling all these dread alarms,
And rushing to her virgin arms
I'd wed her—and be proud to wear her."

XXXIV.

Thus spake the PRINCE—as I have sung—
The hall with acclamation rung,
His praises dwelt on ev'ry tongue,

To fetch the nymph whom all adore;
May gentle winds, and prosperous gales
Impel the waves, and fill the sails,
And waft her safe to GOTHAM's shore."

XXXVIII.

One tedious moon in silence pass'd,
The happy day arriv'd at last,
That all their anxious wishes crown'd;
The Prince beheld the lovely dame,
Her beauty soon his heart o'ercame,
And feeling both a mutual flame,
In HYMEN's silken chains were bound.

XXXIX.

And now descend, ye tuneful Choir,
The poet's towering verse inspire,
And O! impart your sacred fire
And make him equal to the theme:
Let gay description's lively hand
The hymeneal scene expand,
Sublime, magnificent, and grand,
More beauteous than a fairy dream.

XL.

The morn was bright—the radiant sun
In joy his daily course begun,

And smil'd upon the royal pair;
The warbling birds on every spray
With music usher'd in the day,
And sweetest flowers perfum'd the air.

XLI.

The merry bells rang loud and strong,
And hail'd them as they pass'd along,
Nor were the drums and trumpets mute;
Twelve virgins in apparel neat,
Strew'd pinks and roses 'neath their feet,
And minstrels touch'd the harp and lute.

XLII.

Two hundred horsemen rode in sight,
On milk-white steeds, in armour bright,
With lances ready for the fight,
Which mock'd the sun's meridian rays;
Fair GOTHAM's nobles grac'd the scene,
And ladies all superbly sheen,
In honor to their king and queen,
Appear'd in grandeur's brightest blaze.

XLIII.

The PRINCE in costly robes was drest,
A diamond glitter'd on his breast,
The crown his royal temples prest,

Th' imperial crown of Gotham's land;
The sword of state a herald bore,
Who rode triumphantly before,
But *that of peace* the monarch wore,
The princely sceptre grac'd his hand.

XLIV.

And next him sat his YOUTHFUL BRIDE,
A blooming nymph, in beauty's pride,
To truth and modesty allied,
The star that most adorn'd his throne:
Her rich attire, majestic mien,
And graceful air, bespoke the queen,
Gems, rubies, on her dress were seen,
And India's brightest diamonds shone.

XLV.

And now the trumpet's brazen throat,
Pours forth a loud and warlike note,
And minstrels sweep the tuneful string;
A thousand voices rend the air,
They loudly bless the royal pair,
And thus their hymeneals sing.

Hymeneal.

XLVI.

Hail to the BRIDE with her golden lac'd stomacher,
Breathing delightful Arabia's perfume!
And hail to the PRINCE who'll triumphantly rummage her,
Grac'd with his gorget, and high-waving plume.
Matchless is HE, for good sense and politeness,
Her sparkling eyes are unrivall'd for brightness,
And fam'd in the dance is her foot for it's lightness,
Long may they reign in health, beauty, and bloom!

XLVII.

Strike up the tabors! and let us have noise enough,
Bless their dear faces! how sweetly they smile;
Tight little Hymen will soon bring 'em boys enough,
The glory, the boast, and the pride of our isle!

Skip it, and trip it, in merry cotillion O!
A day like the present, is sure worth a million O!
See how they gallop, for Cupid's postillion Of
Wriggling, and giggling and blushing the while!

LXVIII.

Ten thousand men with streamers gay
Loud cheering, clos'd the long array,
And hail'd with joy th'auspicious day
That rose so full of cheering beams:
Nor did sweet mirth resign his power
In homely cot, or lordly tower,
'Till sleep stole on the festive hour,
Which soon return'd in pleasing dreams.

LXIX.

A year roll'd on—and scarcely more—
The *Queen a smiling Cherub bore*,
(And now the Muse would fain be dumb:)
Ah! little thought she 'twas her last,
That grief would soon her life o'ercast,
Her hours of happiness were past,
Her days of sorrow all to come.

L.

In GOTHAM'S *court there liv'd a Dame,*
Who (void of grace remorse, and shame,)
Burn'd with a foul, unhallow'd flame,
And one, whom scandal oft' would peck at:
The Furies saw her youthful mind
To lust, and infamy inclin'd,
They form'd her well to plague mankind,
And call'd the bellweather—*Fitzhecat.*

LI.

Her face, which marks of beauty bore,
Was now with wrinkles furrow'd o'er,
And on her breast a *cross* she wore.
Tho' stain'd with guilt, and foul within;
Her locks were *grey*—her eyes were *dim*—
Palsy had seiz'd each tottering limb,
Eye scarce beheld a form so grim,
Sad monument of *death and sin.*

LII.

Her artful leer, and wanton air,
(Tho' time had silver'd ev'ry hair,)
Bespoke the *harlot* still was there,
The verriest hag of Cyprian shade;

And while her num'rous *beads* she told,
Her *blinking eyes* lascivious roll'd,
For she was *amorous*, tho' *old*,
And thought of *coxcombs* while she *pray'd*.

LIII.

Each rising morn, the courtly beaux,
With flaxen wig—and birth-day cloaths,
And borrow'd teeth in ivory rows,
She strove to charm—what pious knavery!
Her eye-brows artfully were plac'd,
Her wither'd cheeks bedaub'd with taste,
Her wrinkles well fill'd up with paste,
And scents she us'd for smells unsavory.

LIV.

She cast her eye on GOTHAM's Pride,
And envied much his lovely Bride,
And Satan's blackest arts she tried
To win him from her constant arms;
And many a pow'rful magic spell
The belldam knew, and practis'd well,
And GOTHAM's PRINCE untimely fell
A victim to her fiendlike charms.

LV.

His court a scene of vice became,
And crimes too horrible to name
In GOTHAM's land were held no shame,
In male or female, prince or peer;
The *grey Seducer*, curst of God,
Receiv'd the PRINCE's smile and nod,
He held a *white official rod*,
And poison'd oft' the monarch's ear.

LVI.

Husbands would prostitute their *wives*,
To live like courtiers all their lives,
(When folly rules, injustice thrives,
For one's base interest is the other's:)
FITZHECAT reign'd with one accord
O'er *mistress*, *people*, *prince*, and *lord*,
Supreme *procuress*, *queen*, and *bawd*,
And *sons* were found to sell their *mothers*.

LVII.

The LAWS, which GOTHAM's bulwark stood,
For which she'd shed her bravest blood,
Attorneys vile betray'd in court;
Her *judges*, truth and wisdom lack'd,
Her *juries* all were basely pack'd,
And *oaths*, and *verdicts* held in sport.

LVIII.

Poor scribbling rogues (there hangs a tale)
Were banish'd to some *distant jail*,
Because they told *plain truths*, call'd *libels!*
And plund'rers, of no small dimensions
Were granted *sinecures* and *pensions*,
And *plays* were more in vogue than *bibles*.

LIX.

Yet not FITZHECAT'S charms alone
Detach'd the MONARCH from his throne,
For him no virgin loos'd her zone,
But view'd the profligate with heavings;
And GOTHAM'S PRINCE in life's last stage,
To satisfy his amorous rage,
Took up with *ugliness and age*
His servants' worn out loathsome leavings.

LX.

There was a *portly nymph of sin*,
Whose *stomach* almost reach'd her *chin*,
Call'd LADY ROUNDABOUT M'FLINN,
Of figure, face, and bulk, uncommon;
A graceless harlot run to seed,
Whom ev'ry one that saw, agreed,
Was surely of the *monster breed*,
More a *hermaphrodite*, than *woman*.

LXI.

The PRINCE her husband's brows t' adorn,
Had planted there a golden horn,
And plac'd his lordship in the palace;
Where well-bred *cuckolds*, *pimps*, and *peers*,
And *letchers*, old in *sin*, and *years*,
Kept sinking GOTHAM in *arrears*,
Defying all the shafts of malice.

LXII.

Her credit sunk, her taxes rose,
She saw her sons borne down with woes,
Herself encompass'd by her foes,
Who brav'd her threats, her strength defied;
And GOTHAM, who triumphant bore
Her arms to ev'ry distant shore,
No longer heard her cannons roar,
Or saw her ships the ocean ride.

LXIII.

Her armies, fam'd for valor's meed,
She saw a weak commander lead,
Who ne'er achiev'd one warlike deed,
Or gave his country's foes a trimming;
A swaggering, proud, unwieldy lubber,
Well known for cowardice, and blubber,
And only fit to play a rubber
With simp'ring chiefs, or bilk the women.

LXIV.

Thus have I told in faithful rhymes,
(A warning to the present times)
How GOTHAM was debas'd by crimes
Of men, who held the highest stations;
And let no future bard proclaim
The direful story of her shame,
But may her lost, degraded name
Be blotted from the list of nations.

LXV.

Thrice happy BRITAIN! *favor'd isle,*
Where justice, peace, and plenty smile,
Thy praise demands my votive song;
Art thou, like Gotham, fall'n, accurst,
Plagu'd by a monarch deem'd the worst?—
Ah no! thy Prince by virtue nurs'd,
Abhors the mean, and vicious throng.

LXVI.

Thy court, for merit passing rare,
No gamesters, cuckolds, pimps, are there,
But gentle lords, and ladies fair,
Sipping their coffee, wine, and sherbet;
There's Y—m—th's lord, who from his birth
Has prov'd a miracle of worth,
And H—t—d, fairest nymph on earth,
Except that matchless star, Fitzherbert.

LXVII.

There's Headfort, Nature's choice production;
An enemy to base seduction,
The pink of dukes, of knights, and peers;
No wretch is he of pimping fame,
No hoary letcher, lost to shame,
Whose passions age can never tame,
But one whose virtues grace his years.

LXVIII.

And let me sing without rebuke,
The praises of each royal duke,
(Not like unhappy Gotham's gabies;)
But Princes who can write and read,
And emulous of glory's meed,
Of ev'ry vile dishonest deed
As innocent, as new-born babies.

LXIX.

And let me sing in nice rotation,
The num'rous worthies of the nation,
Whose fame smells sweetly, like geranium;
But hold—good folks—*for so much sense*
I can't afford for eighteen-pence,
You'd fancy I hold cheap, from thence,
The labors of my pericraneum.

LXX.

But yet again, in merry strain,
I'll prove Britannia's loyal herald;
Ye Muses fire me—ye Gods inspire me.
With stanzas worthy of FITZGERALD!

LXXI.

Heav'n bless the REGENT *and his Mother,*
Each SISTER, MINISTER, *and* BROTHER,
His DAUGHTER *more than any other;*
And grant her beauty, health, prosperity;
And THOU MY COUNTRY! *land divine*
Oh! ne'er may GOTHAM'S *fate be thine,*
Long may thy PRINCE *in* VIRTUE *shine*
And truly great, be proud to merit thee.

The End.

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AND

MRS. DICKONS.

MR. PYNE,

MR. C. SMITH,

MR. LEONARD,

MASTER BARNETT,

AND

MR. BELLAMY.

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PART I.

Introduction and Chorus. (Joshua.) (*Handel.*)

Ye sons of Israel, every tribe attend,
Let grateful songs and hymns to Heaven ascend.
In Gilgal and on Jordan's banks proclaim,
One first, one great, one Lord Jehovah's name.

Song. (*Sir J. Stevenson.*)

Mr. LEONARD.

When the rose-bud of summer its beauties bestowing
On winter's rude blasts all its sweetness shall pour,
And the sunshine of day in night's darkness be glowing,
O then, dearest Ellen! I'll love you no more.

When of hope the last spark which thy smile lov'd to cherish,
In my bosom shall die, and its splendour be o'er,
And the pulse of that heart which adores you shall perish,
O then, dearest Ellen! I'll love you no more.

Air. (*Bach.*)—Mrs. BLAND.

No more with unavailing woe,
Those drops of anguish shed;
Alas! not all the tears that flow,
Can e'er awake the dead.

But deaf my heart to friendship's call,
And weak the soother's strain:
For ah! my tears they faster fall,
Because they fall in vain.

Air. (*Handel.*)—Mr. PYNE.

Lord, remember David,
Teach him to know thy ways;
O, guide his tongue with meekness,
Daily to sing thy praise.

Grand Chorus. (Messiah.) (*Handel.*)

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

Recitative. (*Handel.*)—Mrs. DICKONS.

Ye sacred priests, whose hands ne'er yet were stain'd
With human blood, why are ye thus afraid
To execute my father's will?—The call
Of Heaven with humble resignation I obey.

Air.

Farewell ye limpid springs and floods,
Ye flow'ry meads and mazy woods;
Farewell, thou busy world, where reign
Short hours of joy, and years of pain.
Brighter scenes I seek above,
In the realms of peace and love.

Recitative. (*Handel.*)—Mr. BELLAMY.

He measur'd the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out Heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the Mountains in scales, and the Hills in a balance.

Air.

He layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, and walketh upon the wings of the wind.

He maketh his Angels Spirits, and his ministers a flaming fire.

Recitativo ed. Aria. (MS) (*Mayer*)

Madame SESSI.

Recitativo.

Ingrato oh Dio, mi si divide il core
Ah quanti affanni m'ha serbati il destin,
Gli affetti miei la sorte mia spietata,
Più suffrire non sò—son disperata.

Aria.

Sento mancarmi l'anima
Nel fiero mio martire,
La pena del morire,
Nò più crudel non è.
Sposa, mio ben, mia vita,
Per sempre ti perdei,
Perche tiranni Dei,
Si barbara mercè.

Chorus. (*Handel.*)

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

Recitative.—Mr. PYNE.

For the host of Pharaoh went in with his chariots and with his horsemen into the sea, and the Lord brought again the waters of the sea upon them; but the children of Israel went on dry land in the midst of the sea.

Chorus.—The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

Recitative.—Mr. PYNE.

And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances, and Miriam answered them.

Air. (*Handel.*)—Mrs. DICKONS,

and Grand Double Chorus.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously,
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.
The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.
I will sing to the Lord &c.

PART II.

The celebrated

OVERTURE TO ZAUBERFLÖTE. (*Mozart.*)

Air. (*Winter*)—Master BARNETT.

Sad my soul, I sigh and weep;
Tears cannot wash my guilt away,
Sighs cannot lull my soul to sleep:
To dark despair a prey.

Save me, Lord! and I will raise
A Chapel on some distant shore;
There with voice and lute I'll praise
Thy name for evermore.

New Air.—MS.—(*Horsley, M. B.* Oxon.)

Mrs. DICKONS.

[By Particular Desire.]

Gloria Patri, et Figlio, et Spiritus Sancto. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc et semper, et in Sæcula Sæculorum. Amen.

Recitative. (*Handel.*)—Mr. BELLAMY.

My cup is full; how blest in this decree!
How can my thanks suffice the Lord and thee.

Air.

Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain
The remnant of my days remain:
And is it given to me to have
A place with Abraham in the grave!
For all these mercies I will sing
Eternal praise to Heaven's high King.

Chorus.

For all these mercies we will sing
Eternal praise to heaven's high King.

The HYMN of EVE. (*Arne.*)

Mrs. BLAND.

How cheerful along the gay mead
The daisy and cowslip appear,
The flocks as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.
The myrtles that shade the gay bowers,
The herbage that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers,
All rise to the praise of my God.

Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove,
Forbid it, fair Gratitude's call,
Forbid it, Devotion and Love.
The Lord who such wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise,
My soul shall be wrapt in my God.

Air. (*Handel.*)—Mr. C. SMITH.

Arm, arm, ye brave; a noble cause,
The cause of Heaven your zeal demands!
In defence of your nation, religion, and laws,
The Almighty Jehovah will strengthen your hands.

Scena e Pregheri. [*MS*] *(Cimador.)*

Madame Sessi.

[Accompanied on the Harp, by Mr. C. Meyer.]

Recitativo.

Numi eterni del eiel questo ch'io verso,
E dagl' occhi ed al cor dirotto pianto,
Deh vi muova a pietà madre d'amore,
D'un misero amator odi gl' acenti,
Men severa ti mostra à miei lamenti.

Phregeri.

Ciel pietoso, ciel clemente,
A Lei dona, i giorni miei,
Se morir d'eggio per Lei,
Non mi lagno di morir.

Recitativo.

Qual divino concento, qual suave armonia,
Rapisce l'alma mia, si, si t'intendo,
Bella madre d'amor, tu sei che pietoso,
Ti mostri ai pianti miei.

Cavatina.

A un dolce riposo,
Al fine pietoso,
Invitami amor.
Che pace, che calma,
Mi scende nell' alma,
Mi sento nel cor.

Chorus. (*Handel.*)

When his loud voice in thunder spoke,
With conscious fear the billows broke;
Observant of his dread command,
In vain they roll their foaming tide;
Confin'd by that great power
That gave them strength to roar.
They now contract their boist'rous pride,
And lash with idle rage the laughing strand.

End of the second Part.

DESCRIPTION of BEETHOVEN's

BATTLE SINFONIA.

FLOURISH—Drums and Trumpets, English side, preparing to march.

MARCH—"*Rule Britannia*," begins soft, as at a distance, encreasing as the English Army is supposed to arrive in the field.

FLOURISH—Drums and Trumpets on the Enemy's side, preparing to march.

MARCH—"*Marlbrook*" soft, and encreasing as the former.—The two Armies are now supposed to be arranged in order of Battle.

A CHALLENGE from the Enemy's Trumpeter, which is quickly answered by English Trumpeter.

THE BATTLE commences.—Imitation of the Firing of Cannons and Muskets is introduced.

THE STORM MARCH.

Drums and Fifes encourage the men; the Musick expressing the encreasing Confusion of the Battle. The Battle rages with fury—Cannons, Muskets, and the various warlike Instruments, describe the progress of the Action.—The Fifes, during this impressive Movement, play disjointed Parts of *Marlbrook*, indicating the failure of the Enemy, until they are supposed to be routed; which is expressed by the Air of *Marlbrook* being played in a *Minor* Key.—Cannons are still heard at a distance, the cries of wounded, and the triumphal shouts of the Victors!

A GRAND INTRADA; followed by a Grand Triumphal March.—Trumpets sound!—And the whole concludes with the National Air of "*God save the King.*" In which MADAME SESSI, MRS. DICKONS, Mr. LEONARD, Mr. PYNE, Mr. C. SMITH, and Mr. BELLAMY will join.—Ending in Full Chorus, accompanied by the whole Band.

"*God save the King.*"

AIR, MADAME SESSI.——And CHORUS.

God save great GEORGE our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send Him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

QUARTETTO.

(Harmonized by SIR GEORGE SMART)

Mr. LEONARD, Mr. PYNE, Mr. C. SMITH, & Mr. BELLAMY.

AND CHORUS.

O Lord, our God! arise,
Scatter his Enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politicks,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Him our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

AIR, Mrs. DICKONS.——And CHORUS.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On GEORGE be pleas'd to pour,
Long may He reign.
May He defend our Laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

In the course of Part III.

A Grand Scena è Duetto. (Paganini.)

MADAME SESSI and Mrs. DICKONS.

Recitativo. Amabile Lisinga perchè mesta così?
Campo nemico non è questo per tè.
Qual fui, qual sono, tu non ignori,
E puoi stupir.—
Qual fosti qui sei sovrana;
Io stesso adoro i cenni tuoi—
Dunque ch'io parta Signor concedi.
Il sol comando è questo,
Cui servir non poss' io—
Crudel, tu godi nel vedermi arrossir—
Del mio tormento superba vai—
Ma per pietà che brami?
Che pretendi da me?
Saper se m'ami.

Duetto. S'io t'amo e tu mèl chidi?
Nol vedi al mio sembiante.
Timido, incerto amante,
Mi rende il tuo rigor
Tu sai non più sovvienti,
Perche quei tronchi accenti ognor,
Oh ciel più dolce istante,
Chi mai provò finor,
Innauzi a te tremante,
E' sul mio labro, il core.
Cari affetti, Lusinghieri,
Che nasceste in mezzo all'armi.
Deh non siate a mè forieri,
Di rimorso è di rossor,
Ma, oh Dio! l'Iberia—
Il Messico—
Che mai dirà di mè,
Ah! nò per noi di gloria,
Sta sempre aperto il campo,
Un puro amor non è,
Oh quanti al volgere,
Di sue catene,
Diletti e pene,
Confonde amor.
Eppur, bell'idol mio,
Non so per qual portento,
Di sola gioja io sento.
Brillarmi in seno il cor.

PART III.

THE FIRST PART OF

THE CREATION.

INTRODUCTION. (*Chaos.*)

Recitative accompanied.—Mr. BELLAMY.

Raphael.—IN the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.

Chorus.

And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters; and God said, let there be light, and there was light.

Recitative.—MR. PYNE.

Uriel.—And God saw the light, that it was good; and God divided the light from the darkness.

Air.

Now vanish before the holy beams
The gloomy dismal shades of dark;
The first of days appears.
Disorder yields to order fair the place;
Affrighted fled hell's spirits black in throngs;
Down they sink in the deep of abyss
To endless night.

Chorus.

Despairing, cursing, rage attends their rapid fall.
A new created world springs up at God's command.

Recitative accompanied.—MR. BELLAMY.

And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament, and it was so.

Outrageous storms now dreadful arose;
As chaff by the winds, are impelled the clouds,
By heaven's fire the sky is inflamed,
And awful rolled the thunders on high.
Now from the floods in streams ascend
Reviving showers of rain,
The dreary, wasteful hail,
The light and flaky snow.

Air.—Mrs. Dickons.—And *Chorus.*

Gabriel. The marv'lous work beholds amaz'd
The glorious hierarchy of heaven,
And to th' ethereal vaults resound,
The praise of God, and of the second day.

Recitative.—Mr. Bellamy.

Raphael.—And God said, Let the waters under the Heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear, and it was so. And God called the dry land, Earth: and the gathering together of the waters called He, Seas. And God saw that it was good.

Air.

Rolling in foaming billows,
Uplifted roars the boist'rous sea.
Mountains and rocks now emerge,
Their tops into the clouds ascend.
Thro' th' open plains outstretching wide
In serpent error rivers flow:
Softly purling glides on thro' silent vales the limpid brook.

Recitative.—Mrs. Dickons.

Gabriel.—And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth; and it was so.

Air.

With verdure clad the fields appear
Delightful to the ravish'd sense:
By flowers sweet and gay.
Enhanced is the charming sight
Here breathe their sweets the fragrant herbs;
Here shoots the healing plant.
By loads of fruit the expanded boughs are press'd;
To shady vaults are bent the tufty groves;
The mountain's brow is crown'd with closed wood.

Recitative.—Mr. Pyne.

Uriel.—And the heavenly host proclaimed the third day, praising God, and saying—

Chorus.

Awake the harp, the lyre awake!
In shout and joy our voices raise;
In triumph sing the mighty Lord,
For he the heavens and earth has cloath'd
In stately dress.

Recitative.—Mr. Pyne.

Uriel.—And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of Heaven to divide the day from the night, and to give light upon the earth, and let them be for signs and for seasons, and for days and for Years. He made the stars also.

Accompanied.

In splendour bright is rising now
The sun, and darts his rays;
An am'rous, joyful, happy spouse,
A giant proud and glad
To run his measur'd course.
With softer beams and milder light, steps on
The silver moon through silent night.
The space immense of th' azure sky.
In numerous host of radiant orbs adorns.
And the sons of God announced the fourth day
In song divine, proclaiming thus his power:

Chorus.

The heavens are telling the glory of God,
The wonder of his works
Displays the firmanent.

Trio.

Mrs. Bland, Mr. Pyne, & Mr. C. Smith.

Gab. Ur. Ra. The dawn that is coming brings in the light.
The night that is gone is followed by day.

Chorus.

The heavens are telling the glory of God,
The wonder of his works
Displays the firmament.

Trio.

Gab. Ur. Ra. In all the lands resounds the word.
Never unperceived,
Ever understood.

Chorus.

The heavens are telling the glory of God.
The wonder of his works
Displays the firmament.

FINIS.

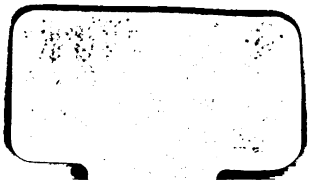
C. Lowndes, Printer, Marquis-Court, Drury-Lane, London.

On Wednesday next,

A GRAND SELECTION

Of Ancient and Modern

Musick.

Due Notice will be given of the next Performance of the

MOUNT of OLIVES.